

The Frances Shimer Record

October, 1923



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGOdollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefore, withinmonths after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

• • • •

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds

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The Frances Shimer Record

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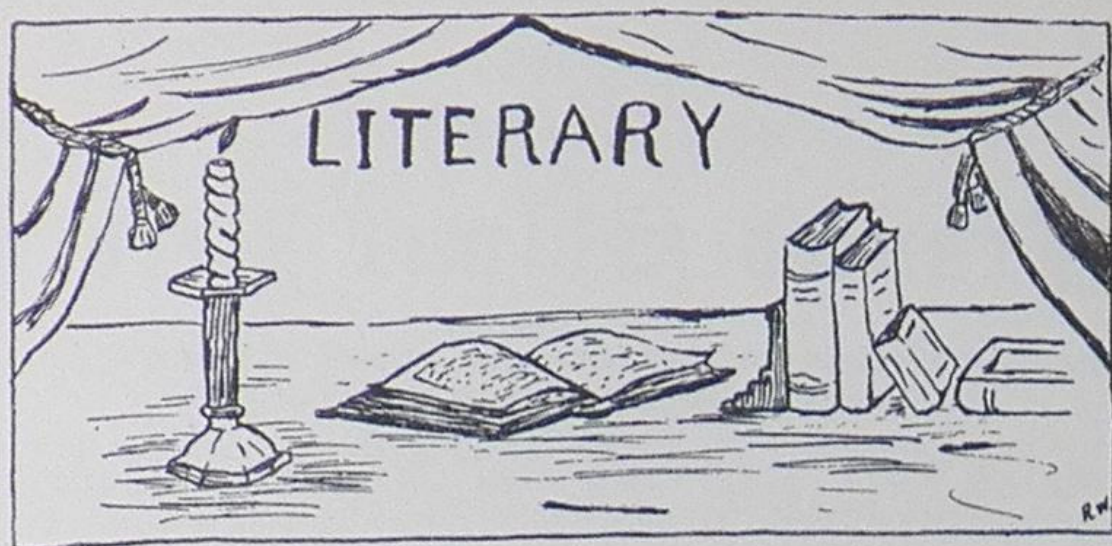
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MISS FOX

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Sleep

She comes, with arms outstretched to meet me
 Mystic, swaying toward me.
 Her hair, dusky black, is bound with ropes of dripping
 pearls,
 Her lithe, slender body is clothed in gray,
 Mystic, floating, as though the soft west wind were her
 companion.
 Her lips, red, red lips, are parted in a smile.
 Her outstretched arms hold garlands of blood-red poppies,
 Whose subtle fragrance lures me on
 To Sleep.

Phyllis Marschall, College '24.....

Sunset

I cannot recall anything before I was taken away from Old Moll, my mother. I can faintly remember being brutally snatched from her, and, after days of misery, being picked up by a man with a kind voice.

"What's this? A dog in this lonely place? How could he have come here?" He seemed amazed at finding me without any mother or brothers and sisters, and I could easily understand his surprise, for I didn't know myself how it had all happened. He took me in his arms, and inspected me closely.

"Why, you're only a baby pup," he said. "You must have been sent here just to be a friend. H'm. Bull terrier. Looks like a full-blood, too." He carried me into a little house near by, gave me milk, and wrapped me in warm blankets.

I don't think the Great Dog in Heaven himself could be so kind as that man. We grew to understand each other very well. Almost the first thing he did was to give me a name.

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"It's not very pretty, pup, but I'm going to call you Pete. You may call me Jack—that's my name." And I always tried to make my barks sound like "Jack."

He would talk to me by the hour. He told me all about himself and about Helen. Helen was another human being, not like a man, Jack explained, but more gentle—a woman. She lived not far away in a large city. She never came to see him—no one ever did—but she wrote him letters that made him very glad. He wrote letters to her, too. Oh, we were tremendously happy. I often wonder whether that was Heaven, there on the mountain side. Sometimes I was almost sure it was. A piece of Heaven, perhaps.

But one day, when I was nearly ten months old, something terrible happened. I woke up early that morning and barked with joy to see the sun rising over the tops of the mountains. Then I barked again to wake Jack, but he could not get up. He lay there on his cot, very white and smiling a little.

"Pete, old top," he said in a weak voice, "I don't think I'll get up just yet."

A little later he tried to get himself something to eat, but I could see that he was very ill. Finally he gave up, and went to bed again, where he lay all day. I whined, and barked, and wished I could do something. The next day he felt a little better, and was able to cook some coffee and an egg. I felt happier, but 'way inside of me there was a strange, heavy feeling, so that I could not bark Jack's name. I wished that there were some one there to take care of him. I could not find any one, for no one ever came to see him, and whenever he went to the village on his motorcycle, he left me inside the little house.

"I don't want to lose you, Pete," he would say, "so the best thing to do is to lock you up."

And now, being a mere dog, I was powerless to help him. I could do nothing. I was utterly useless.

For several days this state of things continued. Sometimes Jack was able to sit up or walk around and talk to me like his old self. Then that peculiar, heavy feeling inside of me would almost go away, and I would bark and dance to make him laugh. At other times he could not even get out of bed, and I learned to bring him bread from the larder, and water in his cup. His face grew very thin, and his eyes seemed twice their natural size. It was one of these "off days", as he called them, that the sunset was so beautiful. Jack saw it from his window, and tried to raise himself on his elbow, but he could not. He smiled at it, though. The golden rays seemed to touch his face and made it look so happy that I rejoiced, and thought that perhaps he was better after all. He spoke to me.

"Such a sunset, Pete! Go out and bark at it." He smiled again—a glad, glowing smile, and the heavy feeling inside of me went away as

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I rushed outside of the house and barked and barked until the sun disappeared behind the mountains. When I went back into the house, Jack was asleep. He never woke.

They must have missed him down in the village, for two days later some men came up and took him away. They took me away, too, and gave me to a man in the village. He says I belong to him now and that if I want to stay, I must keep out of his way and never bark. He kicks me and often forgets to feed me, but I try to please him. Only sometimes, when the sun is setting, I run off away from the village to the hills where there is no one to object, and bark at the sunset.

And I often think if I bark loud enough and joyfully enough that Jack, wherever he is, may hear me, and know that I shall never forget him.

I realize that in judging all men by my present master I have been mistaken. I know that most of them are like Jack, kind and understanding, and that there are only a few who are like my master. I am very glad. This is how I found it out:

This morning my master remembered to feed me. His egg was stale, so he allowed me to eat it. He gave me his customary kick as he left the house, and I could go where I pleased the rest of the day. I chose to stay at home. About noon-time I heard light and unfamiliar footsteps outside the door, followed by the heavy ones of my master. Then I heard a sweet musical voice.

"You see, Jack wrote me all about this dog of his. Pete, he called him. He found him when he was only a few weeks old out there on the foothills below the mountain. Jack told me they were inseparable. The dog just adored him, and—and I can easily understand it. So, Mr. Gill, it is for no commercial purpose that I want Pete. I am willing to pay anything for him."

She was inside the door now, and I gasped. She was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. I knew she must be Helen, for Jack had told me how lovely she was. Something welled up in my throat as I gazed at her from my corner. I knew I could love her as I had loved Jack.

My master's hoarse voice interrupted my thoughts.

"Well, yuh kin have him, but yuh gotta give a hundred dollars for him—not one penny less, mind yuh. He's a valuable dog, he is."

"Very well, I'll make out the check. What are your initials, Mr. Gill?"

When she had given him the check, she looked around. "And now, where is the dog?" she asked.

"Oh 'roun' here some place," said my master complacently. "Yell for him, lady, yell."

She had no need to call me, however. I came out of my corner.

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"Oh, how thin he is!" cried Helen. "But it's Pete, all right. I know it is. Come here, Pete."

Her car was standing by the curb. She put me inside. I laid my head in her lap, and fell asleep. When I awoke, I thought for a moment that it was Jack who was stroking me. The car stopped before a large comfortable house on a hill. As we went to the door, a man came out. He looked at me in surprise.

"Why, Helen," he exclaimed. "What on earth is that? Since when have you started to importing canines?"

"Hush, Len," she responded a little tremulously. "Let me introduce Pete, Jack's dog. I told you about him, didn't I? Ever since Jack—went away, I've been hunting for Pete, and today I found him with the most terrible old man who treated him horribly. See how thin he is. And the doctor says that Pete probably kept Jack from starving during those last days, because he couldn't have been able to get out of bed, and Pete must have brought his food to him. So, you see, Len, he's really quite wonderful."

Len looked at me carefully, then he said in a lower voice:

"Dear old fellow, I'm glad to meet any friend of his, beast or human. How do you do, Pete? Will you shake hands?" I shook hands gravely, for I recognized in him another friend. He laughed a little and turned to Helen.

"He's all right, Sis. He's a fine dog. We're friends already, aren't we, Pete?"

I barked assent.

At sunset Helen and I went for a long walk up a high hill.

"Jack always loved the sunset," she murmured, her voice trembling a little. "You know, don't you, Pete?"

We watched the glowing ball drop down behind the hills, and as I barked and barked, it seemed that through those last shining rays, I saw Jack's face—smiling.

Elinore Smith, College '25.

Campus Sketches

My Rock

I wonder if you all know "My Rock," as I have so long called it? If you do not, I would like to take you there some Sunday evening just at sunset. My rock is across the drive under the protecting shadows of old Metcalf. Seated on its hard, smooth surface, you can watch the sun in all its golden glory dropping behind the pine-covered hills.

If perchance it is spring, you can hear soft music floating across the campus, and on the gentle May wind comes the fragrance of the pink and white blossoms in the orchard. If it is autumn, the flaming distance has a foreground of brilliant yellow, the air is filled with a smoky haze, and the very atmosphere seems to breathe out peace and contentment.

This is the magic spell of my rock, and that you too may reap the harvest of happiness, I want to share this secluded spot and my beautiful dreams thereon, with all who care to tarry for a glimpse into fairyland.

Martha Barnhart, Academy '25.

"Three Twenty-five"

Three twenty-five—and the campus, after being comparatively quiet all day, becomes very much alive. There is a great rushing from one building to another as everyone tries to get somewhere that she is not. From a room on first floor Hathaway comes the sound of a victrola playing, "No, No, Nora," interspersed with "I Never Miss the Sunshine," from second floor McKee. Then someone in College wants to know if some one else in Hathaway is through with her tennis shoes yet; if she is she will have the kindness to return them. In the halls it is, "Hey, you, where's my tennis racket?"—"Who's borrowed my gym bloomers?" or "Where in the world are all my golf balls? I had five," and various other remarks of the same sort.

Out in front three girls are trying to skate on two roller skates, with much discussion as to who shall go next; some one even up on third floor offering suggestions. Over on the other side of the campus two seniors are greatly engrossed in jumping a toy rabbit along the walk.

Such is the state of the campus after three twenty-five.

Virginia Smith, Academy '25.

Inside and Outside

Did you ever sit just outside a window of Hathaway on a lovely moonlight night and watch the dancing and fun inside, and after that, the calm cool peacefulness of the night outside? If you did, I am sure you will never forget it, because I know that it is a sight not easily forgotten.

Certainly you can recall vividly the piano in the far corner, with the occupant of the stool moving every muscle of her young body to the rhythm of her music. Then there is the gay, carefree throng of dancers, and perhaps two or three girls sitting on the steps who, like you, are spectators.

After looking at this awhile, it may be that you turned your head the other way. You could discern dimly the tower of Metcalf mingling with the stars. Perhaps you wondered why everyone should crowd into the "gym" on a night like that. Then, in all probability you also joined the happy throng of dancers—just as the others had.

Harriet Deutsch, Academy '25.

EDITORIALS



The Junior College

The school year at Frances Shimer opened favorably with an increase of college students of almost one-third. There are nearly one hundred students in the Junior College at the present time.

The Junior College is rapidly finding a definite place in the educational system of today. At the third annual meeting of the American Association of Junior Colleges which met in Cleveland in February, nineteen twenty-three, the committee decided upon definite requirements for the Junior College. These pertained to the literary standards of the school, the training of the faculty, and the equipment of the school, and also to the admission and graduation of students. This was an attempt to standardize the number of units a student can take and the number of hours a teacher can teach.

Junior Colleges are becoming an essential in the present educational system. The large universities are so crowded that it is impossible for students to receive the personal attention which they should have in the freshman and sophomore years. Many universities are eliminating the first two years of college work because of this. This makes the Junior College a vital necessity in the educational system.

Frances Shimer School, as a Junior College, must live up to these standards, in order to prove that this type of school has an important place today. Each student must do her part to make this Junior College a success.

Friends

In after years when we say of some one, "Oh yes, we know her; she was one of my best friends at Frances Shimer," just what shall we mean? Are we among those people who think a friend is one who always tells us just what we want to hear? George Eliot says, "Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms." Is that the kind of a friend we should choose?

There is innate in all human beings a desire to avoid disagreeable truths, a longing to hear the pleasant things. Is it best for us? Will it make us the kind of women we respect and hope to be? Flattery can-

not develop for us strong characters, nor dispositions which people will admire. Do we like better this little verse?

"Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend, and every foe"?

Perhaps a true friend really should be a sort of mirror for our faults and for our virtues. It may not feed our vanity nor soothe our souls to hear the truth, but it ought to set us thinking, and to wondering if, after all, we can be improved a tiny bit.

If there is any place we can learn to be a friend and to forget ourselves, it is at a boarding school. Our roommates and our friends may not appreciate our favorite hobby or mannerism. At school there is no fond mother to excuse our faults. What friends are for, is to help us overcome our faults. "Unless we bear with the faults of a friend, we betray our own," someone has said, but what about helping our friends to overcome their faults?

Shall we, then, choose our friends for the insincerities with which they feed our vanities, or for the true qualities? The ones who tell us frankly our short comings, in order that we may improve day by day, are real friends.

A Study in Contrasts

We are all abused. Even the faculty, hard hearted as they are, will admit that. The students must be quiet during study hour, and must go to bed between nine and eleven. They cannot go to Charlie's or Katie's on Sunday, nor can they even go down to the depot to watch the trains come in.

How many of you remember the convent as described by Victor Hugo in "Les Miserables?" Do you recall how the girls never left the convent walls from the time they entered, and only on rare occasions could they receive visitors—feminine ones at that? They were clothed in coarse, ugly uniforms, and ate only black bread and some kind of soup that was good for them. They did not even have ice cream on Wednesday and Sunday. As for their rooms, these were probably never inspected, but why should they be? They were mere cells with stone benches for beds. At least, the girls did not have to worry about having "junky" rooms, for nothing hung upon the walls except crosses.

The school day of these French girls of a by-gone century began with the rising sun. The work was hard and uninteresting; the lessons long and dry. They studied from ponderous, dusty books under the strict surveillance of sisters. Recreation periods were of short duration and, even at these times, the girls must be quiet. Not much like recreation in a modern girls' school, is it?

They, too, attended chapel every day. Chapel to them was a long mass, sometimes with hours of kneeling during prayer. I wonder what they would have thought of our daily twenty-minute chapel with the

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Lord's prayer on Wednesday. What would happen if a girl of the fifteenth century could but change places with a girl of the twentieth? I wonder.

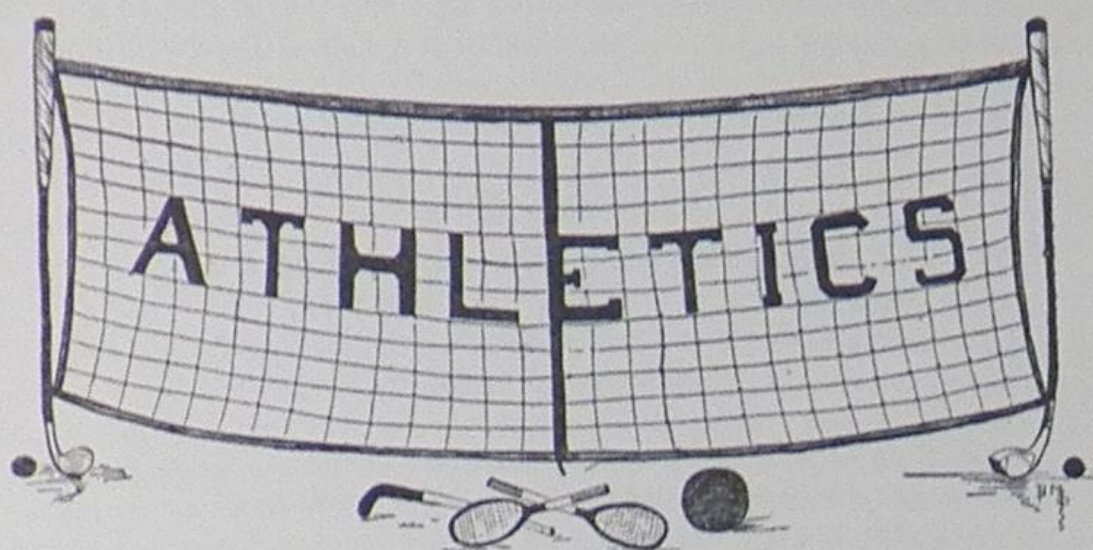
But of course we are abused. No one will deny that!

November Suns

This year, November's suns are warm and bright,
They make us love to live and work and play,
To welcome with the sunrise each new day
That brings such possibilities to light.

Oh sun so bright, it's you that we must thank
For all this warmth in which to play our games,
And on the hockey list to get our names
So with the seasoned athletes we may rank.

Each day you make us want to walk down town
Where nearly all our month's allowance goes
And where we may perhaps forget our woes,
Besides the gender of that new French gown.



Free at last!! Everyone making a mad dash for the hockey field, and the game begins. Academy and College fight hard to make a score, and finally one side gets a point. Everyone is looking forward to the Thanksgiving game with a great deal of excitement, because the teams are very evenly matched.

If you want to play tennis, you have to come early to avoid the rush, for it seems as though everyone wants to play, and the finals, which will come in the spring, look promising.

Every day there is a regular mob scene around the first tee. Everyone is anxious to play golf, and to see if she can do better than the day before.

Dancing will start later, and in the spring, various groups will give dances for the May Fete, which is very beautiful.

Baseball and track come in the spring. That is something to look forward to.

Every Monday morning, and sometimes on Saturday, if the weather is good, there are hikes, and there are many beautiful places around Mount Carroll, to which the girls can hike.

There was a big crowd out for the Athletic meeting. The officers, and heads of the different sports are as follows:

Mary Brenneman	-----	President
Rose Dutton	-----	Vice President
Beulah Milburn	-----	Secretary
Dolores Charlton	-----	Treasurer
Madge Hinshaw	-----	Hockey
Edna Zick	-----	Basket Ball
Helene O'Boyle	-----	Tennis
Helen Brown	-----	Base Ball
Ellouise Ballstadt	-----	Hiking
Esther Cavan	-----	Dancing
Helen Stauffer	-----	Golf



The Opening

Frances Shimer School is growing. The number of house pupils has increased from 118 in October 1921 to 165 on the same date in 1923. Much additional equipment has been added to the Laboratories, especially in Biology. The great improvement however is in the new dormitory, and it is full, as is all other space for students.

The financial position of the School has been strengthened not alone by the very large increase from students' fees, but the Frances Shimer Estate is prospering on account of fortunate sales of Florida lands left by Mrs. Shimer on which considerable sums have been realized recently, and the proceeds invested in high grade bonds. The income-producing endowment is today approximately one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

The faculty is strengthened year by year, and the interest in the student body in advanced work in college and university is increasing. Readers are urged to inspect the pages given up to lists showing our girls at other institutions.

The Trustees meet Nov. 23 to consider the question of new buildings. A Library and a Gymnasium are needed. As this is written Nov. 12 a report of any action taken must be deferred. Is there not some friend of the School who wants to lead a movement to raise money to equip the School as it ought to be?

WM. P. McKEE.

Who's Who Party

The first party of the school year was given in College Hall on September 15, by the Y. W. C. A. As the name of the party suggests, the purpose was to get acquainted, and also, we suppose, to learn all the campus celebrities, like Madge Hinshaw and Alice Dean. Among the distinctive features of the affair were the names placarded on

each girl, the slipper dance, and the "comics" in "The Tribune". This last was exceedingly clever; Maggie and Jiggs, the Katzenjammer kids, Skeeze and Uncle Walt, Tillie the Toiler, Harold Teen, Lillums, and other "funnies" were out in full force. Two other special numbers were a pianologue by Phyllis Marschall and a reading by Ellouise Ballstadt. As a fitting end, some very good sherbet and wafers were served. After one last dance we returned "home" feeling that we had at least started to find out "who was who."

Marshmallow Toast

Saturday, October 6: a cold night, a roaring fire, pounds and pounds of marshmallows, and the prospect of an informal dance afterwards. Who could resist the combination? No one, of course, so we all went. To what? Why, the Marshmallow Toast given by the Athletic Association. The first thing in order, as usual, was the toasting of the marshmallows. When the fire was sufficiently hot, the sticks weighted with marshmallows were held in the flames, and we toasted ourselves with the marshmallows. Still it was surprising how good they were! After the food was gone, those musically inclined grouped themselves around the fire and sang lively or dreamy songs, everything from "Tippearary" to "Memories," while the flames died to glowing coals and the moon rose high in the heaven. At last "Lil" consented to play, and we trooped into College Hall to dance, knickers and all, until the fateful 9:30 bell rang.

"Kelly's Stables"

We all looked forward to the first party sponsored by the Diversion Club. "Kelley's Stables" certainly was a success. The gym was decorated with red crepe paper, balloons, and numerous appropriate signs. "Our Waiters Sing"—and so they did—a very clever song led by Ruth Baron. Later she, with Lillian Bowman and Edna Zick, gave a specialty dance and song. "To talk of food is rude," so I ought to omit that subject, but the menu consisting of pop, pie, and ice cream was too good to be left out. Did we have fun? I shall leave the answer to you.

The Picnic

The country surrounding Mt. Carroll sees many good times for Frances Shimerites. If the trees could talk, they would tell you of a picnic on September 22. At three-thirty that Saturday afternoon little groups dotted the campus, and after a time each group started in search of a picturesque place. When this spot was found, the first question was—food. Some roasted weiners, while others fried steak. Needless to say, everyone ate. In order that the day should end as it had begun, each group prepared a clever stunt to be given in the gymnasium after the return. Perhaps it was the effect of the food,

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perhaps it was the wonderful ability of the actors, that made these stunts exceptionally clever. At any rate, they put the finishing touches to a perfect day.

Martin Recital a Brilliant Success

The announcement by the Frances Shimer School that Riccardo Martin was to be the first to appear on their season's series of recitals aroused widespread interest, for it is not a frequent occurrence that an artist of such distinction visits Mt. Carroll. His familiar name was the magnet which drew a large audience to Metcalf Hall, including many out-of-town people, eager to hear so famous an artist, and they were richly rewarded. Riccardo Martin is preeminently a singer for the opera, with a voice of such great brilliancy, so robust and ringing, that one at times regretted the acoustic limitations of the hall. In spite of his many years on the operatic stage, he brings for concert use a wide range of material, seasoned and developed by experience.

The varied program, which embraced both the lyric and dramatic, gave opportunity to study this artist from different angles. He was not at his best in the first number, being rather out of touch with Seigmund's beautiful Love Song from *Die Valkyrie*. Neither did he rise to his greatest artistic heights in the French songs which formed the second group, although the full, lovely resonant quality which has made his voice famous, was in evidence. But in the next group, and on through the remainder of his program, ending with Canio's big Aria from *Pagliacci*, he fairly electrified his audience with the brilliancy of his singing, his finished style, the wonderful vocal resources, and that emotional force which mark the great artist. His voice is rich and flexible, and is governed by discriminating taste. His singing possesses the qualities that take hold of an audience and win the most enthusiastic appreciation.

The short introductory comments on some of the less familiar songs were most interesting and added much to the attractiveness of the interpretation. Many encores were demanded and good-naturedly responded to, lengthening the original program considerably, but in no way diminishing the enthusiasm of the audience.

Hubert Carlin at the piano not only supplied accompaniments that were remarkable for their perfect accord with the singer's intentions, but further distinguished himself by contributing two groups of solos in which he did some very fine playing, especially in the Schumann-Liszt *Widmung*. He also was generous with encores and won deserved appreciation.

Movies

The Frances Shimer girls have been delightfully entertained twice this year, at movies given in the chapel. The first one, "Tillie, The Menonite Maid," was given the week after we arrived, and the homesick girls especially appreciated it. "Disraeli," a very clever historical picture, given a few weeks later, was also very good.

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Hespera

Four Sundays have flown by since we came to F. S. S. and we have enjoyed four delightful vesper services.

Mrs. McKee spoke the first Sunday evening. She told us much of the life and work of the founder of our school, Mrs. Frances Shimer. We learned of Mrs. Shimer's struggle to establish F. S. S. in spite of the many obstacles which confronted her. It was interesting to know that this institution originated with only a few students in the top story of a small building, and has grown to be the well-known school it is today.

On Sunday evening, September twenty-third, Mr. McKee spoke on the Constitution of the United States. The preceding week had been celebrated as Constitution week throughout the country. Everyone who had an opportunity to speak to groups of people was asked to talk about the Constitution. The Dean gave an interesting talk, and everyone felt that she had derived some real benefit from it.

Miss Elizabeth Lenharts, who is superintendent of nurses at Muirdale Sanatorium in Wisconsin, spoke to us the next Sunday evening. She pointed out many good reasons why one should take up the profession of nursing as a life work. She told us also many interesting things about the life and work at Muirdale Sanatorium.

Sunday evening, October seventh, the heads of the various committees of the Y. W. C. A. talked to us about their branch of the work and told us something of their program for the coming year. Lois Wertz, Vice-president of the association, presided over the meeting. The other speakers of the evening were Mary Branson, Treasurer of the Y. W.; Evelyn Caille, Secretary and Chairman of the Publicity Committee; Alice Keighan, Chairman of the Program committee; Ellouise Ballstadt, Chairman of the Social committee; Florence Rice, Chairman of the Social Service, and Jane Weaver, who is Chairman of the Religious committee. Miss Morrison closed the meeting with a few words about our obligations as members of the Y. W. C. A. She told us that we should develop a spirit of giving and by so doing we would be much happier.

Last Sunday evening Miss Pollard spoke to us and we enjoyed it very much as we do all of her talks. She awakened in us a desire to try to make more of a success in life and made us see the benefits of so doing.

Honor Roll for Second Semester 1922-1923

The following were on the First Honor Roll. Each one on this Honor Roll carried at least three scholastic subjects with an average of 85 or above in each subject.

Genevieve Pfleeger.	94.8
Gloria Levin.	92.8
Harriet Deutsch	92.2
Dorothy Handel	90.2
Shirley Deen	89.2
Elizabeth Irwin	88.3

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Olga Ohlrich	88.1
Pauline Thompson	87.8
Alice Paulsen	85.5

A Second Honor Roll consists of those who carried at least three scholastic studies and who had a general average of 85 or above.

Gail Hubbell	90.
Margaret Graham	89.1
Elaine Fisher	88.3
Edna Eastabrooks	87.6
Julia Benson	87.4
Marjorie Thompson	87.2
Ruth Barker	86.8
Avis Carroll	86.6
Ruth Kingery	86.5
Ida Nicholson	86.5
Anita Nicholson	86.4
Madeline Lentz	85.8
Edith May Whitfield	85.8
Esther Cavan	85.3
Jane Weaver	85.6
Madeline Hinshaw	85.2
Reva Wagon	85.1
Alice Winston	85.1
Ardath Blair	85.

Class Notes

College Sophomores

On the twenty-seventh of September the largest and best college sophomore class that Frances Shimer has ever seen met to elect its officers. Ruth Heller was elected President, Ellouise Ballstadt, Vice-President, Mary Branson, Secretary, and Florence Rice, Treasurer. Miss Sophy Parker kindly consented to act as our counselor, and we as a class, hope to make her proud of us.

On September thirtieth we gave a reception in College Hall parlor in honor of Miss Parker. We were happy to have also as our guests Miss Morrison and her two friends—Miss Lehnhauts and Miss Grant of Milwaukee.

"Frosh Week" began October first, and for three days we sophs led lives of leisure. Our rooms were cleaned, our beds were made, and our hair was curled by willing freshmen. On Wednesday, immediately after dinner, they entertained us with two clever plays. At nine o'clock we gave them a well-earned spread, and allowed them to look at Frankie Frosh, who will be presented to them at the Thanksgiving dinner.

After vespers, October twenty-first, Miss S. D. Parker entertained the sophomores in College Hall parlor. Everyone enjoyed the lovely

refreshments, which our hostess served, and all were sorry when the delightful evening came to an end.

Watch the college sophs, for we are going to do big things this year.

College Freshman Election

Responding to an imperious notice posted on the dining-room door, sixty-three freshmen assembled in solemn conclave in College Hall for the purpose of electing their class officers. Greatly aware of their own importance, they carried out the meeting in the best of parliamentary form. The class elected the following officers: President, Beth McCallum; Vice President, Lois Wertz; Secretary, Norma St. Germain; Treasurer, Dolores Charleton; Counselor, Miss Allyn.

"Frosh Week"

October first, second, third, and fourth will long be important dates in the minds of College '25. To be exact, these represent "Frosh Week." During this week, we, as freshmen, were shown our places in the school.

The sophomores greatly aided in educating us in the arts of sewing, cooking and mending. In fact, they very generously offered us their own property on which to practice. Considering the unskilled artisans of which our class is composed, we feel that we owe a great deal to the sophomores, who entrusted to us their (1) rugs, in need of cleaning; (2) beds, in need of making; (3) hose, in need of darning; (4) clothes, in need of mending; and (5) hair, in need of shampooing. They went a step farther and gave us all the encouragement possible. When we slackened our efforts, there was always a sophomore on the horizon to spur us on to greater deeds.

Directly following dinner on Saturday evening preceding "Frosh Week," the sophomores presided over a meeting of the freshman class. Ruth Heller, High Mogul of the sophomore class, read the following rules for "Frosh Week":

1. Frosh must upon all occasions show the utmost respect for the Sophomore Counselor, Miss S. Parker.
2. Frosh must hold doors open and stand at attention; also rise when a sophomore enters a room.
3. Frosh must not appear outside of their respective rooms without their insignia.
4. Frosh must not go off campus without written permission from their guardians.
5. A Frosh may have no dates during "Frosh Week."
6. Frosh must retire to their own rooms immediately after meals.
7. Frosh must not use any cosmetics; the hair must be worn straight off the ears, and without a hairnet. Bobbed hair must be pinned up.
8. Whenever "Button frosh" is spoken to a frosh by a sophomore,

CAMPUS
AUTUMN
FLOWERS



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the frosh must drop on her knees and bow to the ground three times.

9. Frosh may speak only to the faculty and the sophomores.

10. A serious attitude toward all rules and duties concerning "Frosh Week" is required at all times.

After listening to this proclamation in fear and trembling, the Frosh were excused.

The next day we were given our little green caps, and "Frosh Week" was officially begun.

Monday, our cherished and eagerly anticipated weekly holiday, proved itself to be anything but a day of rest. We were required to be on campus at six-thirty-five. Several of us were made to walk briskly around the quadrangle for fifteen minutes. This third degree punishment was inflicted because Big Ben failed to penetrate our slumbers and as a consequence we were several minutes late in reporting for duty. The day seemed, and indeed was, a cold one; but thanks to the work which our guardians gave us to do it soon seemed to be actually hot.

What a busy place Science laundry was that day! There was a real orgy of hair shampooing, and washing and ironing of clothes. On the whole, Monday proved to be a "large" day for us.

"Frosh Week" ended with a bang when "Our Beth" crashed her tray to the dining room floor Wednesday evening. The frosh rose with one accord and sang a little song to the sophomores to the tune of "That Redheaded Gal." Then we gave two short entertainments for the amusement of the sophomores.

Academy Seniors

Miss Hostetter, counselor of the Senior class, entertained the members of the class at her home, on Monday afternoon, October eighth, from three to five o'clock. They spent the afternoon in playing games, dividing into three groups, each group playing a different game. The winners of the three groups, Sallie Pratt, Josephine Hamlin, and Margaret Anderson each received an appropriate prize. Later in the afternoon delicious refreshments, consisting of cakes and coffee and walnut candy, were served. The class feels that it owes gratitude to Miss Hostetter for so royally entertaining them.

On September 20, the Senior class met in the parlor of the Hathaway Hall and elected officers for this year. The following were chosen:

Counselor—Miss Hostetter
President—Rose Dutton
Vice President—Violet Duner
Secretary—Ruth Barker
Treasurer—Melba Marshall

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Junior Class

The Junior Class this year has started off with a whiz.

The first meeting was held on Tuesday, September 25, and the following girls were elected to office: Martha Barnhart, President; Harriet Deutsch, Vice President; Ruth Touzalin, Secretary and Treasurer.

The following Monday, October 1, the class gave a luncheon at Katie's for their counselor, Miss Mitchell. It was enjoyed by all, as Katie's dinners always are. The only trouble was, that everyone found it pretty hard to climb up the hill on her way home.

The following Monday, Miss Mitchell gave a picnic for the class. Everyone had a grand and glorious time, to say the least, and they want to thank Miss Mitchell again for the wonderful time they enjoyed. After the class had eaten their lunch, a meeting was held and all of the songs and yells were practiced and plans were laid for the "Prom," which is to be held on October 27.

On Thursday night, October 11, the Juniors had another meeting to make further plans for the "Prom," which it is hoped will be a great success.

S. O. S.

The third year English class have organized a club, which they named "The Society Of Speakers."

The purpose of this club is to teach the members parliamentary law and also the art of speaking calmly and intelligently before an audience.

A constitution and by-laws were drawn up.

Officers are to be elected every six weeks. Those chosen for the first six weeks are as follows:

President, Martha Barnhart; Vice President, Kathryn Alleman; Secretary, Ruth Touzalin; Treasurer, Helen Marschall; Reporter, Helen Naeher; Critic, Miss Pollard.

For the second six weeks:

President, Dorothy Johnson; Vice President, Beulah Milburn; Secretary, Margaret Dimick; Treasurer, Harriet Deutsch; Critic, Virginia Smith.

Every Tuesday during the fifth period a meeting is held. Business is taken up first, and then the meeting is turned over to the program committee consisting at the present of Sophie Marie Perry, Harriet Deutsch, and Dorothy Johnson.

All the meetings have been exceedingly interesting and much has been accomplished toward the fulfillment of the purpose.

The Academy Sophomore Class

"Friends, people, fellow-Shimertes; lend me your ears!" We,

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the Academy Sophomore Class, wish to inform you that we are here in full force.

On Wednesday, September 26, we met in room 13. You will probably say "Unlucky!" But it was far from unlucky from us; because we elected Miss Broshar for our counselor. We also elected the following officers: President, Ruth Baron; Secretary and Treasurer, Helen Cavanaugh.

All the new Sophomores who did not know before where Katie lived and what wonderful food she cooked, found out on Monday, October 8.

Academy Freshmen Class

September twenty-third was the date of the first meeting of the Academy Freshmen of this year. The class organized with ten members. Vivian Riddel was elected president and Ethel Eaton was elected secretary and treasurer. At our second meeting, October twentieth, we chose Miss E. M. Parker as our counselor. She accepted, and we are going to make her very proud of us.

A luncheon was given for Miss Parker at "Katie's" October twenty-ninth, and we hope she enjoyed it as much as we did.

Scattered Family Notes

Miss Jean Maurer '18-'19 recently became the owner of the "Gift Shop" in Spencer, Iowa, as a birthday gift from her father.

Mrs. Emma Piper Keiter '71 sent regrets that she could not be present at the Alumnae luncheon, and greetings to all who had that pleasure.

Thelma Fox, College '20, was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in June and is now secretary to Dean McKee.

Madge Dynes, College '19, Wisconsin '23, is doing clerical work in the Carroll County State Bank, Mt. Carroll.

Beth Hostetter '02 and Jessie Campbell '09 visited Glee Hastings '12 in Athens, Greece, during the summer. After several years of service, Miss Hastings will resign from her work with the Near East Relief in November, and return to America, visiting Palestine, Egypt, France, and England en route.

Adaline Hostetter Burquist '99 has recently moved into a new home, "Witchwood," at 3900 East Superior St., Duluth.

Celeste Weyl '18 was graduated in June from George Washington University. During her course she did secretarial work in the government offices, was president of her sorority, advertising manager of the Hatchet, and business manager of the Petticoat, a satirical sheet published by the girls of the department of Journalism. Celeste will continue her work this year for her Master's degree.

Della Hinshaw '23 is teaching Expression in the Hinshaw Conservatory of Music in Chicago.

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The following members of the College class of 1923 are teaching: Leota Blow, in the Junior High School at Terril, Iowa; Stella Durant, Galena, Illinois; Ardath Blair in the public school at Algonquin, Illinois; Ruth Kingery and Marjorie Thompson, departmental work in Warren, Illinois; Helen Clark, 4th grade in Savanna, Illinois; Edith May Whitfield, 7th grade in Danville, Illinois; Helen Hardy, Expression in a conservatory at Flint, Michigan; Blanche Warrick, public schools, Seneca, Illinois.

Mrs. Cora Gilman, a student of 1868, notes with a feeling of pride the advancement made by the School since the days when she was a student. She writes, "This fall I shall be 75 years young." Mrs. Gilman resides in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Greetings came during the summer from Dorothy Truesdale Hubbard, '14-'15 and Madeline Sloane, '15 on vacation at Niagara Falls, New York.

On July 24 King George of Greece conferred the Cross of St. Xavier upon eleven Near East Relief workers, among whom was Glee Hastings '12 for their work in behalf of Greek refugees since Smyrna disaster.

Maxine McMahon '21 was graduated in June from the College of Education and Conservatory of Music of Drake University, where she was presented in recital (piano) on July 10 in the college auditorium. Maxine is teaching Music and Art in the public schools of Waukee, Iowa.

Mabel Booth Brewer '94 and family motored from their home in Bozeman, Montana, to Anamosa, Iowa, where they spent the summer. Mr. Brewer has a leave of absence from his work as head of the English Department of the Montana State College. He will spend the year at the University of Wisconsin where he will study and teach in the Department of English.

Dorothy Underwood '22-'23 died at Mercy Hospital, Muskegon, Michigan, on the nineteenth of July, following an operation. The Record extends sincere sympathy to Frances and Henrietta, her sisters, who were also at Frances Shimer last year.

May Thistlewaite '16-'17 writes of the death of her father a year ago at their home in Helena, Montana. She and her brother continue to carry on the business left by their father.

Grace Wong '22 spent the summer studying at The University of Chicago and in September entered the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

Anna Reese '09 writes from London, "Today I visited old Curiosity Shop and had lunch at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese."

Leah Durkee '21 was graduated from Knox College in June and is now teaching in Alpine, Tenn., under the auspices of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

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Jeannette Patterson '18 is principal of the High School at Fulton, Illinois.

Mrs. Olive Place McFarland '81 of Ohiowa, Nebraska, visited Edith L. Gould '80-'81 at her home in Eaton, Ohio, during the summer.

During the summer greetings came from the following Frances Shimer alumnae on vacation: Jessie Campbell, Rome, Italy; Beth Hostetter, Florence, Italy; Celestine Dahmen, Asbury Park, N. J.; Anna Reese, London, England; and Calla Jean Gillard (faculty,) London, England.

Martha Conrad Young '97-'98 has moved from Colorado to Whittier, California.

M. Genevieve Taylor '98 teaches Folk Dancing in the Cornish School at Seattle, Washington.

The engagement has been announced of Helen Lovett Chapman '21 to Frederick Frost, son of Professor Edwin B. Frost and Mrs. Frost of Yerkes Observatory of The University of Chicago.

Mary Turner Buell of Berlin, Wisconsin, sends "best wishes for the success of Frances Shimer School. It was of much benefit to me and I regret that I have no daughters to send there."

Charlotte Gower '17-'18 who completed her preparation here for Smith College, from which she was graduated in June, 1923, and where she was assistant last year, has recently been elected to a position in the Department of Psychology at the University of Texas.

Priscilla Alden Stohr '17 has been appointed Secretary of Girl's Work in the Y. W. C. A. of San Jose, California, and began her work in September.

Irene Grant '10-'13 who is Director of Vocational Therapy in Muirdale Sanitarium, Wauwatosa, Wis., spent the week-end of Sept. 30, at the School.

Muriel Smith '13 is private secretary to the Vice President of the Bell Telephone Company of Chicago.

Constance Sargent '15 sailed from Vancouver on the Empress of Canada on August 23 for Pekin, China, where she will be secretary to the Dean of Women in Yenching College, the women's part of Pekin University. She will also offer a course in the History of Art, for which her previous travel, study, and experience as docent in the Art Institute at Chicago have so well fitted her.

Joyce Gardner, '17-'20, Brentwood, England, has been enjoying a vacation at New Quay on the Cornwall coast. She writes of visits to Land's End when it was enveloped in mists, quite in keeping with the spirit of the place, to Boscastle, and King Arthur's castle in Tintagel.

Ruth Stellhorn Mackenson, College '18, and her husband will spend the year at the Kennedy School of Missions in Hartford, Conn., in preparation for their work in Persia. Ruth is studying Arabic.

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New Testament, History of Religion, Philosophy of Religious Education, and Islamic Civilization.

Nettie Ireland Smith '78-'79 died at her home in Clinton, Iowa, on Sept. 22. She is survived by her husband, Dr. G. A. Smith, a son and a daughter. For many years she was actively interested in the work of the First Baptist Church, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Tuesday Literary Club, the Jane Lamb Hospital, and other organizations interested in community betterment.

Neva Welch Moody, College '20, is one of the instructors in the Week Day School of Religious Education in Salina, Kansas. The work there is supported by the various denominations of the community, with the board of public school education co-operating to the extent of allowing each grade student of the schools one-fourth day each week to attend these classes.

Leone Wiggins '19-'20 is a graduate student in the University of Iowa, and is also teaching in the Children's Hospital gymnasium.

The engagement of Helen Sunderland, College '21, to Mr. Frederick P. Curtis was announced recently at her home in Omaha, Nebr.

Marjorie Graham, College '20, is a graduate student in the University of Iowa, majoring in Education.

Salome Pfleeger, College '20, is a senior in the School of Science at Purdue University.

Kathryn Priestley, College '20-'21, is enrolled at Simmons College, Boston in the Secretarial course.

Sue Biethan '03 has a position with the American Medical Association in Chicago.

Jessie Dodd '19 was graduated from Russell Sage College in the Secretarial department last June, receiving the B. A. Degree.

Emily Taylor, College '21, is a member of the Senior class in Rockford College.

Pauline Tripp '18 was graduated last June from Oberlin College with the degree of B. A.

Grace Oberheim '14, who has been librarian at Frances Shimer for two years, is now at Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa. In addition to her duties in the library she is offering a course in Library Science entitled, "The Use of the Library", to four sections of College Freshmen.

Helen Pratt '18 is a Senior in Knox College Conservatory of Music.

Dorothy Crooke '18-'19 was graduated last June from Northwestern University and during the summer conducted a most successful tea room, "The Purple Parrot," at Spirit Lake, Iowa.

The following former students visited at the School during the summer: Sarah Mackay Austin '02, St. Louis, Mo.; Rosabel Glass '99, Seattle, Washington; Margaret McKee Damon '19, Springfield, Mass.; Blanche Strong '76, Chicago; Ruth Miles Miller, College '18, Kent, Ohio; Marjorie Graham, College '20, Iowa City, Iowa; Mary Calkins Chassell '84, Wyoming, Iowa; Elva Calkins Briggs '81, Minneapolis, Minn.;

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Marian Hopkins '22, Sterling; Agnes Schalker '21-'23, Leavenworth, Kansas; Jessie Miles Strickler '82, Waynesboro, Pa.; Helen Miles Strickler '10, Waynesboro, Pa.; Hattie Yeager '90-'92, Freeport; Marjorie Leigh Harris '09, Freeport; Harriet Leigh Lavine '09, Chicago; Ida Terry '20-'21, Sidell; Martha Green Sawyer '10, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Clara White Robinson '77, Springfield.

Marriages

Ethel Rench, College '21-'22, to Mr. Benjamin Covington Jr., June 9, 1923, at Rockwell City, Iowa.

Clara Louise Walker '15 to Mr. Harry Maxwell Lukens, June 18, 1923, Hollywood, Cal.

Helen Louise Hurley '18, to Dr. J. Roscoe Harry, on Saturday, July 28, 1923, at Chicago. At home, The Kellshore Hotel, Chicago.

Virginia Hazel Hayden '11, to Mr. Richard D. Davies, on June 9, 1923, in New York City. At home, 5853 Julian Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Lulu Arnold '15, to Mr. Harrison Wheeler on June 16, 1923, at Freeport, Illinois. At home, Fulton, Illinois.

Virginia Doschadis '20, to Mr. Arthur Joseph Sullivan, on May 22, 1923, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. At home, Carroll Court, Waterbury, Conn.

Nona Hakes '09-'11, to Mr. Walter Schager Schinz, on September 29, 1923, at Evanston, Illinois. At home, 2255 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Illinois.

Marian Powell '20, to Mr. Gordan Mountain, on September 8 at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. At home, Beloit, Wisconsin.

Helen Carr, College '21-'22, to Mr. Clarence A. Brown, on September 19, 1923, at Manchester, Iowa.

Geraldine Hegert '19, to Mr. George Lynn Schuyler on October 6, 1923. At home, 508 Glen Oak Avenue, Peoria, Illinois.

Dorothy Fargo '16, to Mr. James Phillip Curry, on October 6, 1923, at Lake Mills, Wis. At home, Aurora, Illinois.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Miller (Ruth Miles, College '18), a son, Jacob Hall, July 10, 1923, at Savanna, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McTaggart (Elizabeth Whipple '22), a daughter, Kathryn Ann, July 13, 1923, at Bloomington, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Johnson (Martha White '14), a son, Donald De Pree, July 23, 1923, at Silver City, New Mexico.

To Mr. and Mrs. John E. MacWherter (Joan Crocker, College '17-'19), a son, John Baird, August 21, 1923, at Alton, Ill.

To Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Oman (Janet Tarrson, College '19), a son, Morton, on September 6, 1923, at Chicago.

To Mr. and Mrs. Howard Yount (Helen Zick, College '21), a daughter, Wilma Louise, Oct. 3, 1923, at West Milton, Ohio.

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Frances Shimer Students at Colleges

The following list includes Academic and Junior College graduates, and College girls who completed the Freshman College year at Frances Shimer:

Beloit College

Virginia Daniels
Elizabeth Sayles
Florence Sugden
Esther Westerlund
Dorothea von Oven
Willa von Oven

South Branch of University Of California

Shirley Deen
Mabel Dougherty
Frances Zangle

Chicago School of Physical Education

Berenice Rayburn

University of Chicago

Judith Aaron
Louis Hibbs
Hope Hopkins
Elizabeth Jackson
Olga Oehrich
Martha Skinner
Ruby Worner

Coe College

Esther Peterson

Colorado State Teachers' College

Lorraine Freeman

Cornell College

Florence Sherman

University of Des Moines

Mary Lohr

Frances Shimer Junior College

Dolores Charlton
Alice Dean
Helene O'Boyle
Floy Orr
Alice Keighin
Helen Smith
Virginia Varty
Lois Wertz

Georgetown University

Mary Dudley

Grinnell College

Veta Baker
Anita Nicholson

Chicago Art Institute

Gertrude Murdough

Grove City College

Virginia Harrington

University of Illinois

Elizabeth Griffin
Gertrude Moore
Rebekah Pratt
Pauline Thompson

University of Indiana

Lois Keller

University of Iowa

Wanda Evans
Prudence McKenzie
Wilma Murrow
Margaret Sayers
Lucille Smith
Martha Walker
Nelle Kathryn Hall
Mabel Morris
Majorie Graham (Graduate Student)
Margaret Graham
Leone Wiggins (Graduate Student)

Iowa State College

Helen Welty

Iowa States Teachers' College

Kathryn Wilke

Knox College

Helen Pratt

Simmons College

Kathryn Priestley

Mills College

Mary Warfield

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University of Minnesota

Constance Puffer

Mildred Tingdale

Eleanor Seagreen

National Kindergarten College

Helen Miller

Minnie Labahn

University of Nebraska

Marjorie Boyd Smith

New England Conservatory

Grace Wong

Northwestern University

Dorothy Burke

Mildred Bodach

Ruth Cornelius

Dorothy Duncan

Carolyn Fosdick

Vera Mae Pooley

Gail Hubbell

Theodora Mitchell

Faith Reichelt

Margaret Wasson

Alice Woodworth

Anne Teverbaugh

Celeste Weyl

Oberlin College

Martha Hurd

Purdue University

Mary Salome Pfleeger

Rockford College

Elizabeth Briggs

Emily Taylor

Maxine Smith

Alice Glover

San Diego State Teachers' College

Alice Paulsen

Sargent School of Physical Education

Marion Hopkins

Elizabeth Kneeland

Eleanor Sweatt

Shurtleff College

Beulah Blanchard

Mary Blanchard

Smith College

Virginia Carr

Louise Featherstone

Stephens Junior College

Laura Barrett

Sweet Briar College

Marion Crane

Vassar College

Charlotte Hageman

University of Washington

Louise Burnell

Western Reserve College

Ruth King

Katherine Vincent

University of Wisconsin

Iva Dodd

Margaret Burt

Pearl Kulp

Dorothy Redecker

Evelyn Schmidt

Alice Winston

Ida Nicholson

Madeline Lentz

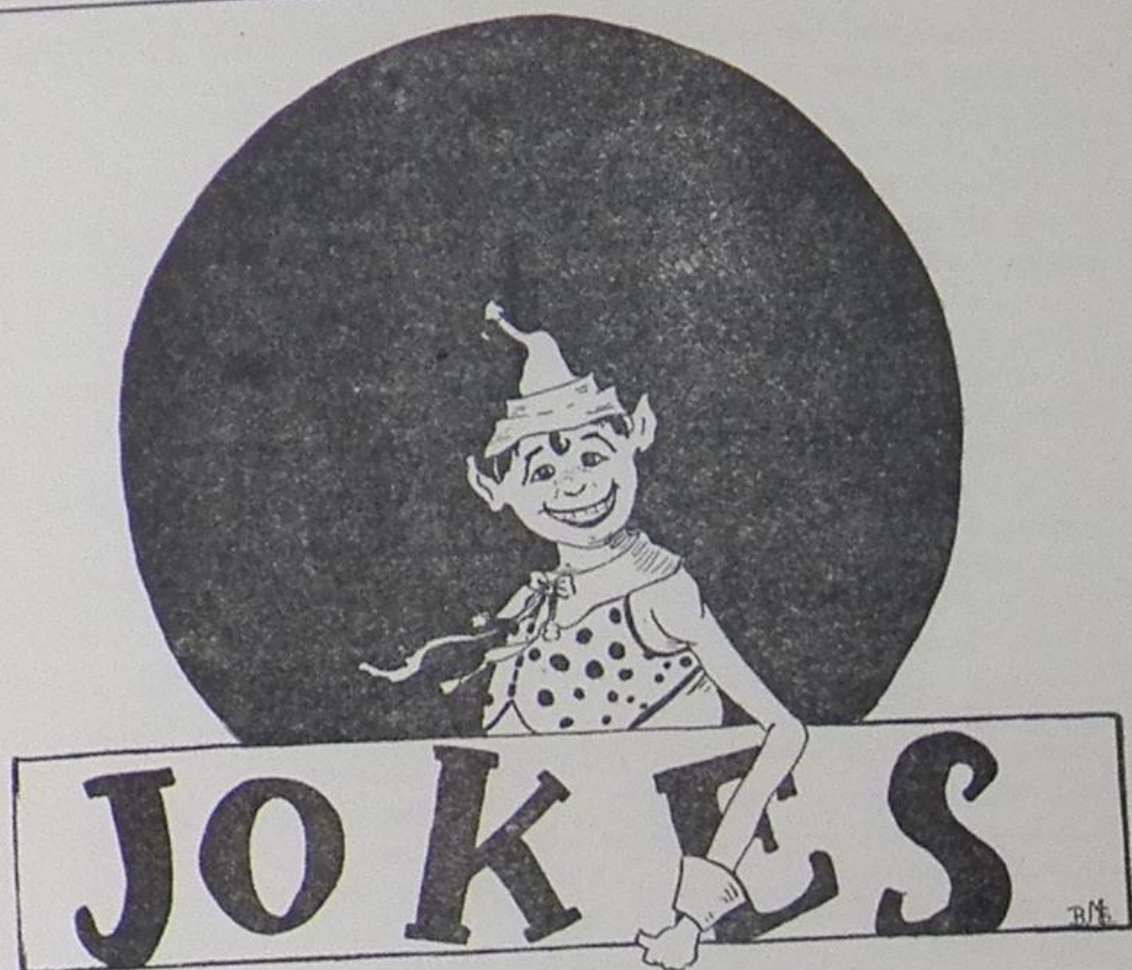
Bess Kirtley

University of Michigan

Julia Brittain (Graduate Student)

Veta Thorpe Nebel

(Graduate Student)



Dumb, Dumber, Dumbest

Helene O'Boyle to ex-roomie: Gee, Alice, you're so dumb that y'think the Kentucky derby is a horse race.

False Alarm

Garland (Monday morning): "Beth! Eight o'clock."

Beth (sleepily): "Did you? Better call a doctor."

Convincing

"Your honor, I was not intoxicated."

"But this officer says you were trying to climb a lamp-post."

"I was, your honor. A couple of pink crocodiles had been following me around, and I don't mind telling you that they were getting on my nerves."

Big Secret

A doctor once said: "The secret of health is eating onions." The only trouble is keeping it a secret.

Who is Marion, Ohio?

There was a man who was so dumb

He thought:

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South Bend was a setting up exercise, Sandy Hook was a Scotchman, George Ade was a soft drink.

A Hot Job

"Why are you wearing so many coats on such a hot day?"

Mike (carrying paint can): "I'm going to paint me fence and it sez on the can, to obtain best results put on at least three coats."

Nebby?

"What do elephants have that no other animals have?" asked the teacher of her first graders.

"Little elephants," was the surprising response.

A Frances Shimerite's Dictionary

A—A letter generally thought of in connection with exams; formerly common, now growing obsolete.

Bell—"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning."

Candy—Its stay short but sweet.

Crush—A prevalent heart disease—not easily cured.

D—A letter most common on exam books.

Homesickness—Disease readily contracted.

Illness—Individual interpretation required.

Katy—A friend of all.

Mail—Arrives first of every day.

Male—Arrives for the week-end.

Please—When "see me at once" is added, means the office.

Quiet—Unknown at F. S. S.

Racket—Made exclusively by Frances Shimerites.

Tacks—Forbidden fruit.

Miss Darrow (annoyed): "How do you manage to make so much noise in the kitchen, Phyllis?"

Phyllis: "Well, I'd like to see you try to break four plates without making any noise!"

Fiction and Fiction!

Our library has just received the following books by well-known authors:

"A Pair of Gloves"	Grace Wade
"A Summer Flirtation"	Liza Bound
"Shorn Tresses"	Bob Dare
"At the Chancel Steps"	Neal Downe
"The Silk Stockings"	Honore Foote
"The Shirt with the Missing Button"	Dryden Aird
"The Bootlegger"	Bruno Moore
"The Foot Pad"	Ann Douer
"Men I have Kissed"	Ella Valotte

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"The Prisoner at the Bar" -----	Watts E. Dunn
"The Commuter" -----	Miles Standing
"Over the Hill" -----	Iona Ford
"Life's Future" -----	Horace Cope
"The New Baby" -----	Constance Cramer

Sam had passed through a harrowing experience. He had seen no less a thing than a ghost. While his audience listened with bulging eyes, he related the details of his awful experience.

"Ah'd jis come outer de cow pen whah Ah'd been milkin' de cows," he said, "an' Ah had a bucket of milk in mah hand. Den Ah hears a noise by de side o' de road an' de ha'nt rushes out. Looks like it's a man wid his haid chopped plumb off, an'—"

"Law," interrupted one of his auditors, "'at suddently musta been terrible on yo.' Didn't yo' shake wid fright, Sam?"

"Ah don' know what Ah shook wid. Ah kain't say fo' suddin Ah shook at all. But when Ah got home Ah foun' al de milk gone an' two pounds of butter lef' in de bucket."

Thorough Preparation

Miss Parker (in French:): "Helen, did you study your French?"

Helen: "Yes'm. I read it four times to myself and three times out loud, and the teacher came in and wanted to know what was the matter."

Missing Link

Miss Swetil (in hockey): "Where are my insides?"

Somebody Bright: "Well, you ought to know."

A western evangelist makes a practice of painting religious lines on rocks and fences along public highways. One ran: "What will you do when you die?"

Came an advertising man and painted under it, "Use Delta Oils for Burns."

"What is your reason for wishing to marry my daughter young man?" "I have no reason sir, I am in love."

"Does your father have to pay much for coal?"

"No. We live beside the railroad and make faces at the engineers."

Cavanaugh: "Why did you take two spoons from the table?"

Baron: "The doctor told me to take two spoons after each meal."

Freshie: "What'll we do?"

Senior: "I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we go swimming. If it tails we go to the movie, and if it stands on edge, we study."

PRIDE--

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DENTIST

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1 to 6 p. m.

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Cabin Creek Kerosene

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S. P. COLEHOUR, M. D.

Mt. Carroll, Illinois

OFFICE HOURS:

1 to 2 p. m.

7 to 8 p. m.

DR. ARTHUR C. BAWDEN

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:

8 to 12 a. m.

1 to 5 p. m.

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Thos. B. Rhodes

Fred J. Rhodes

1884

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and Silos, and other building materi-
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Students and Faculty

4 per cent on Savings

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The buildings are nine in number, solidly constructed of brick and stone. They were designed strictly for school purposes, and have modern conveniences and appointments. The location, 127 miles west of Chicago, is very picturesque and is noted for its healthfulness. The grounds, consisting of thirty-five acres, are very attractive and are beautified by well-kept lawns and noble trees, many planted over a half century ago. Nine-hole golf course, tennis and hockey; gymnasium; all athletic work under the direction of a competent instructor. School hospital. Science Hall for Home Economics Chemistry and other Sciences. Rate \$600.00.

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RED WM. P. McKEE, Dean

Mt. Carroll, Illinois



VIEWS
OF FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL
ESTABLISHED 1853 MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS

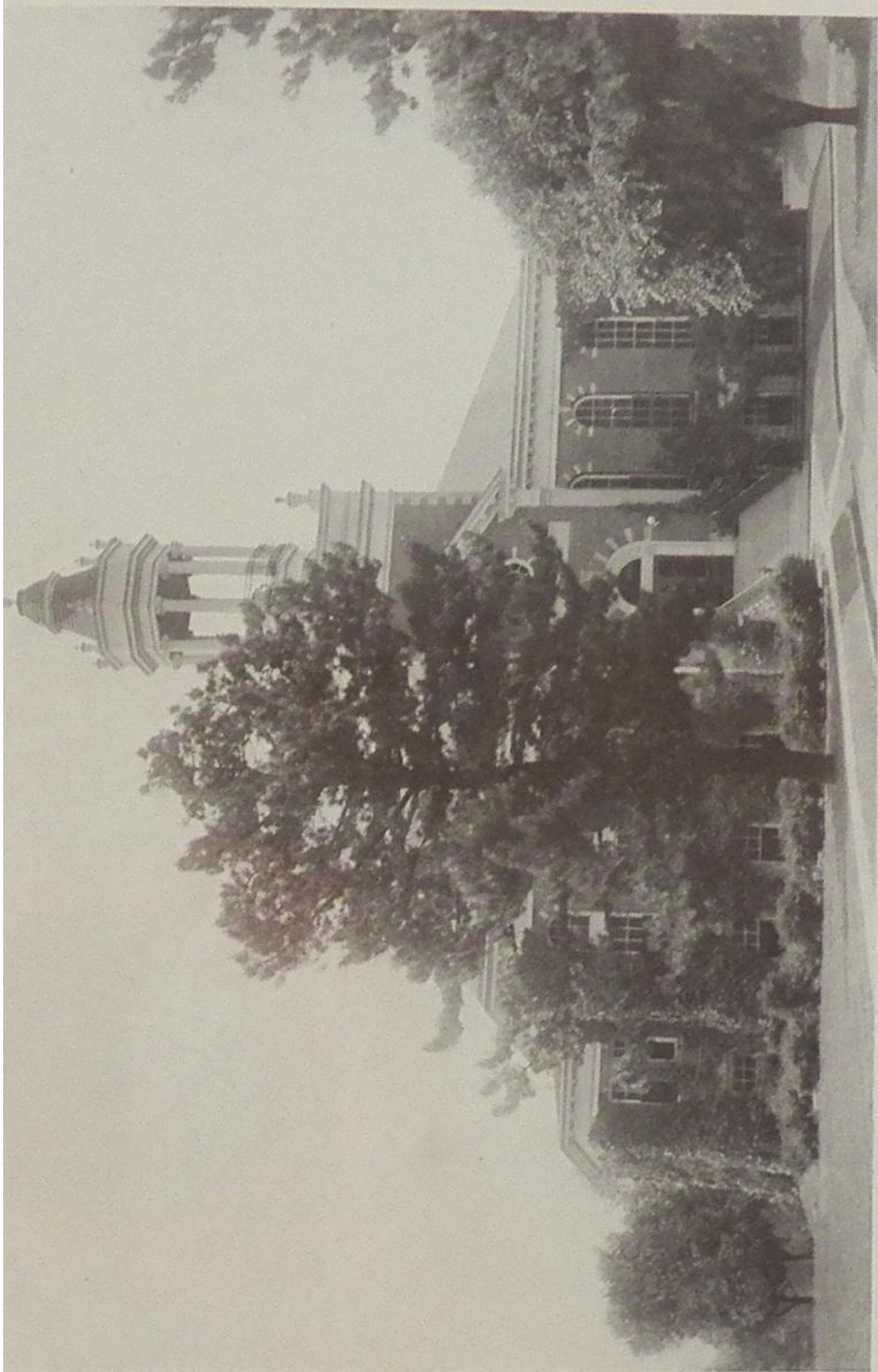
SUPPLEMENT TO
FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL

THE AIM OF THE FRANCES
SHIMER SCHOOL IS TO TRAIN
ITS STUDENTS FOR LIFE
RATHER THAN FOR A PAR-
TICULAR VOCATION. THE
SCHOOL SEEKS TO DEVELOP
IN THE YOUNG WOMEN
INTRUSTED TO ITS CARE,
SOUND MINDS IN SOUND
BODIES, AND TO INSPIRE
THEM WITH IDEALS, DEMO-
CRATIC AND ALTRUISTIC, TO
THE END THAT THEY MAY
REALIZE THEIR OBLIGATION
TO MAKE SOME INDIVIDUAL
CONTRIBUTION TO
THE COMMON
WELFARE





McKee and West Halls



Metcalf Hall



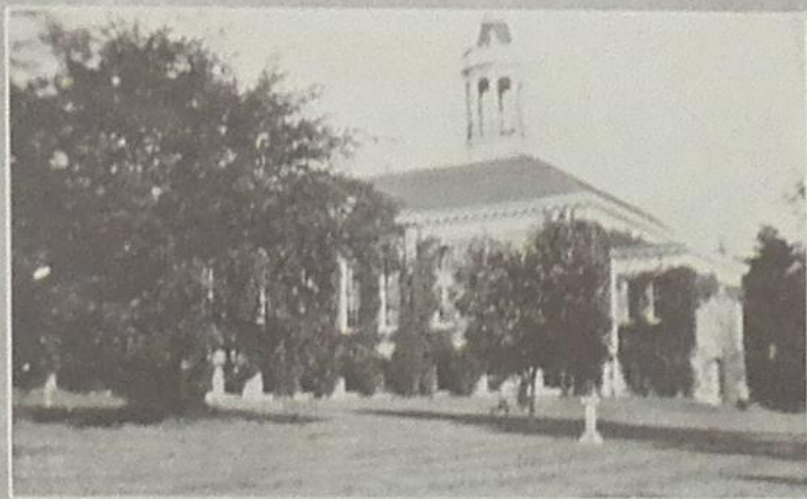
May Queen, 1923



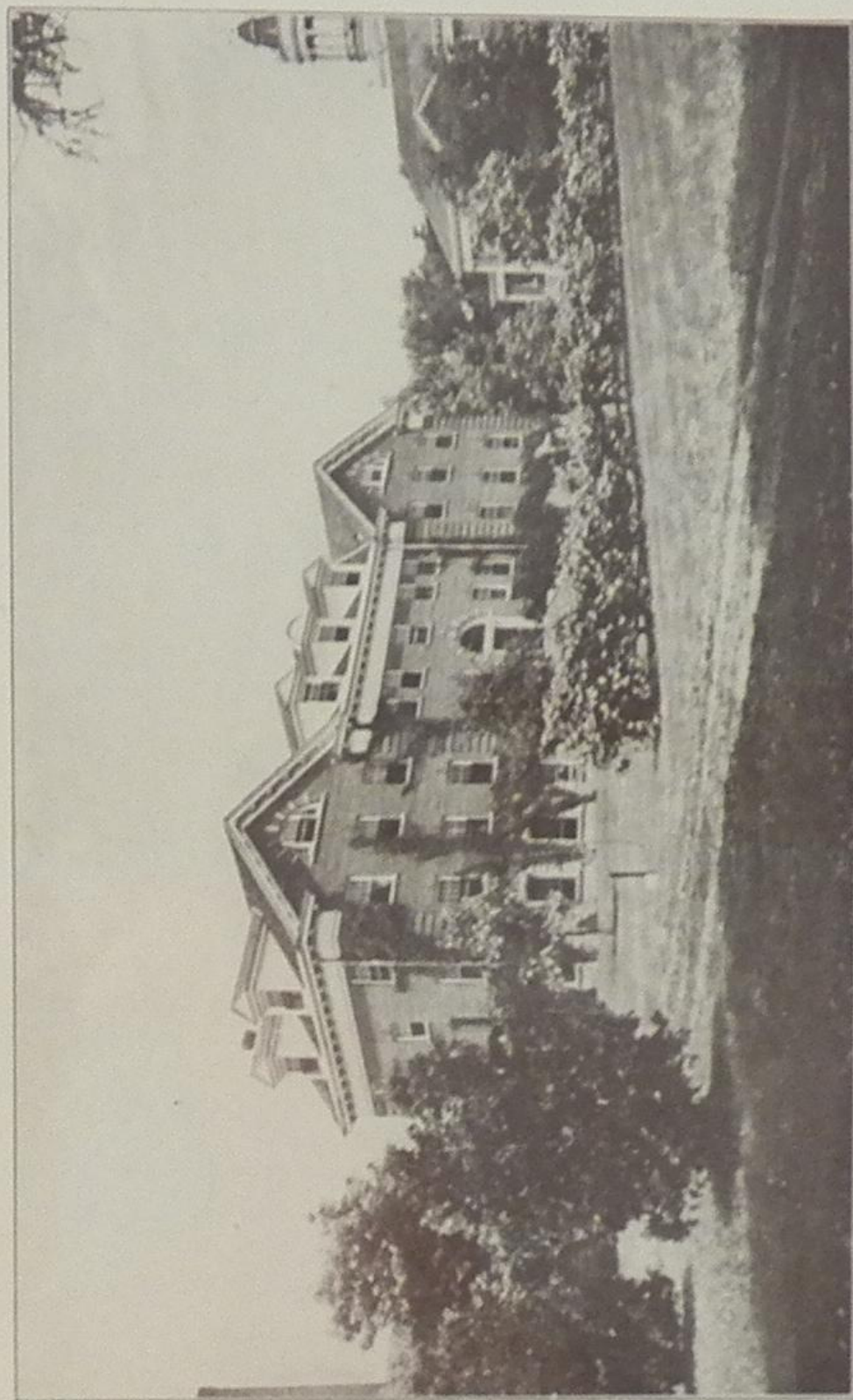
Scene from May Fête



College Glee Club, 1923

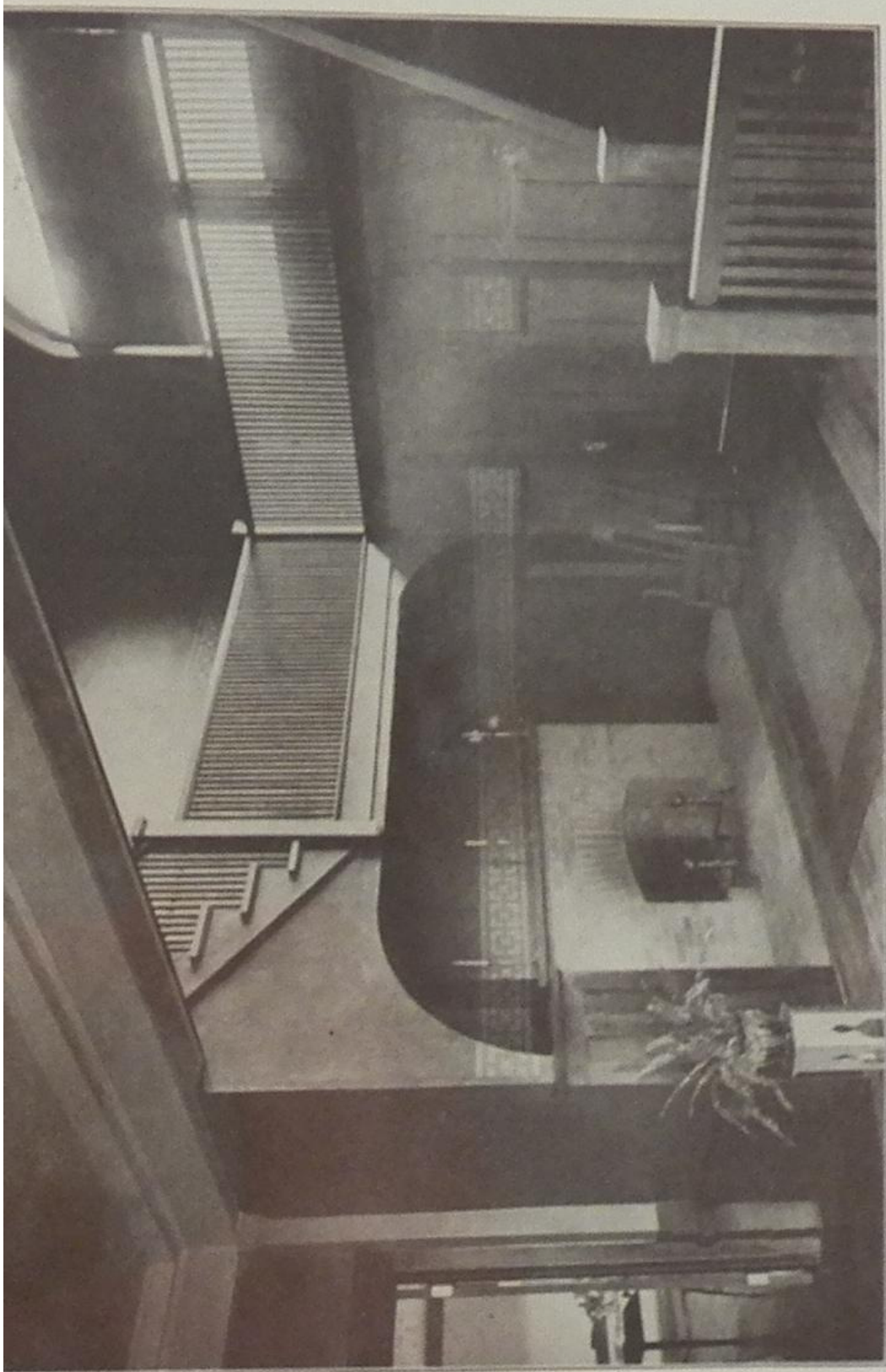


Campus Views

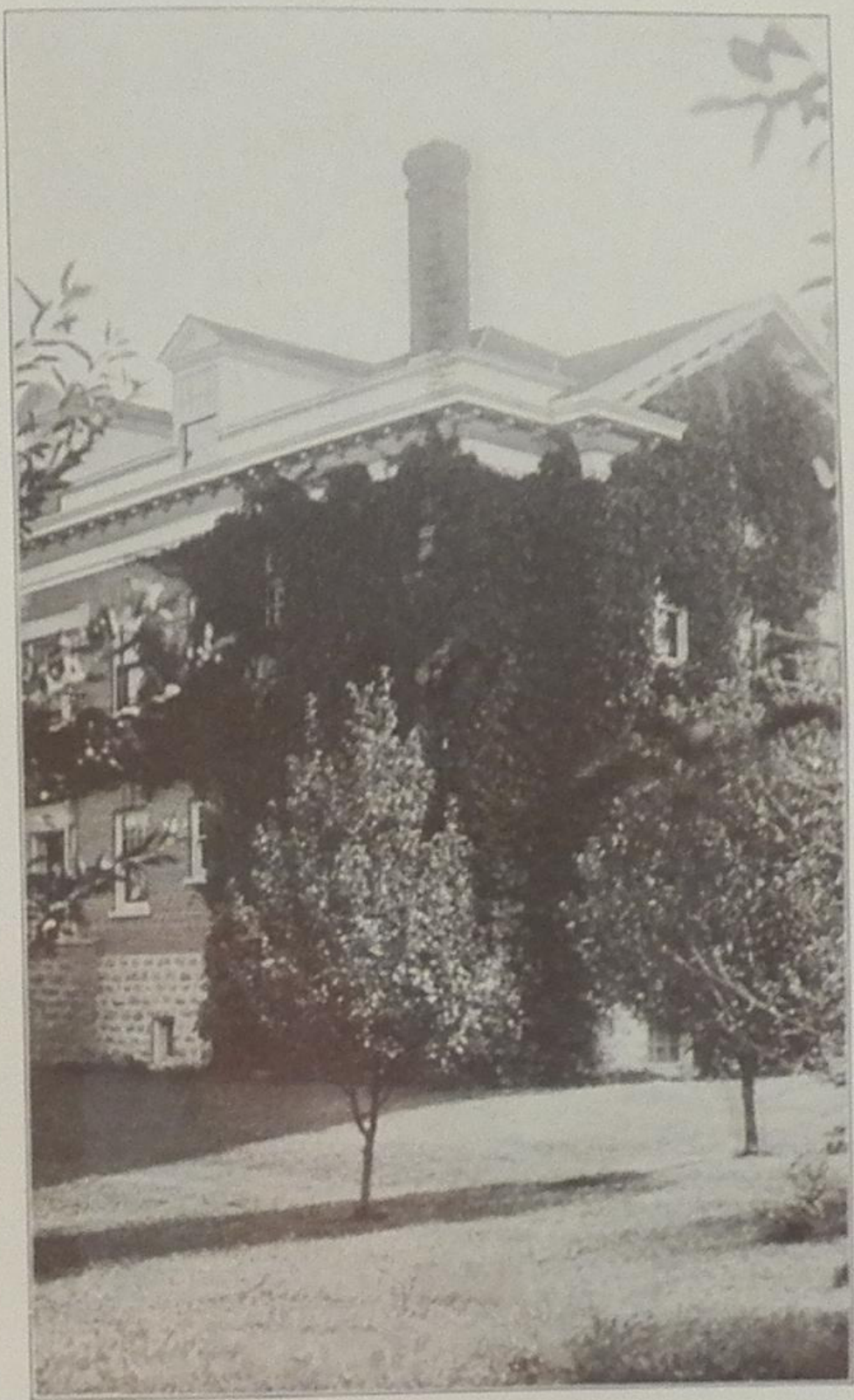


West Hall

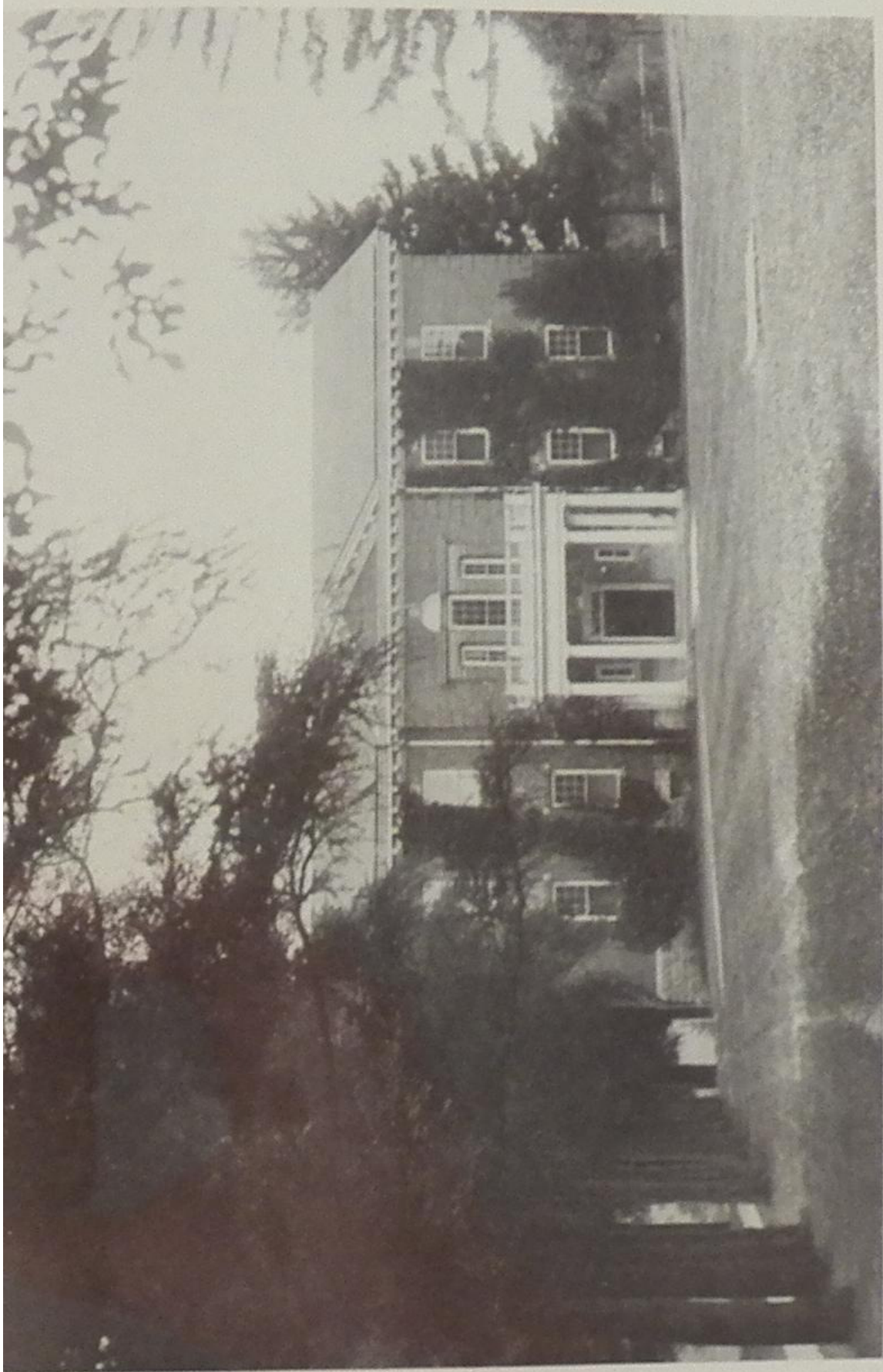




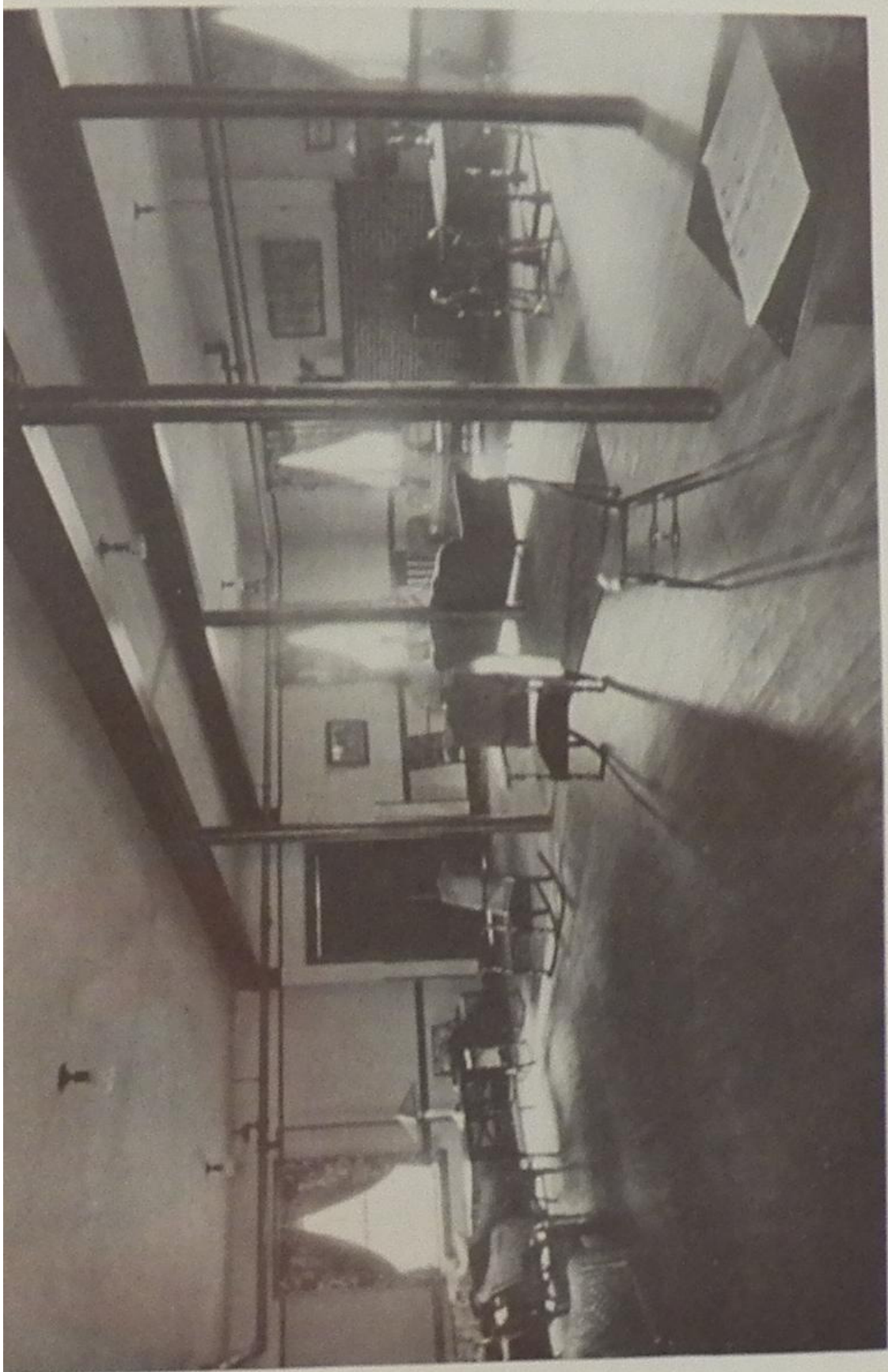
Corner Reception Room—College Hall



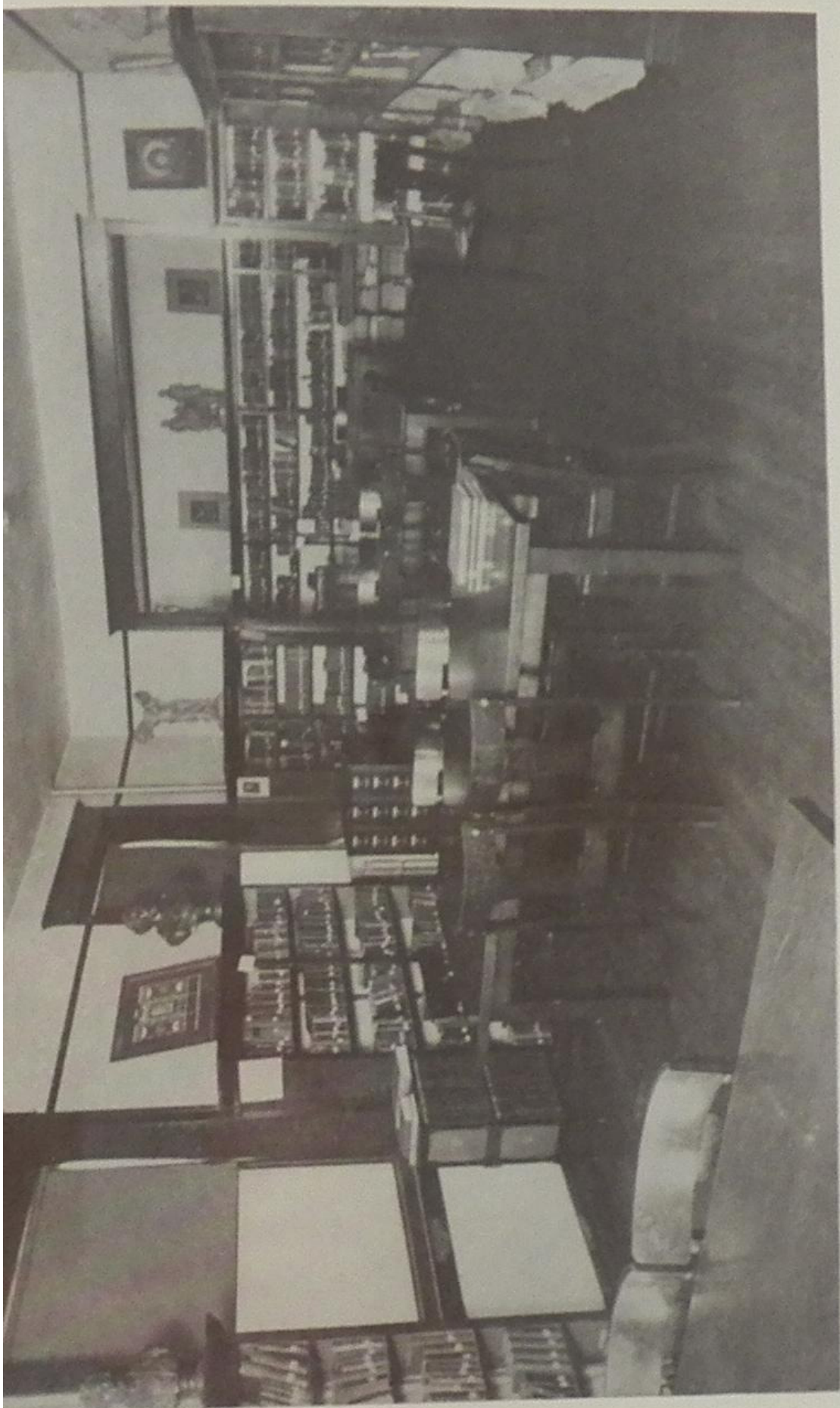
Corner of Hathaway Hall



Science Hall



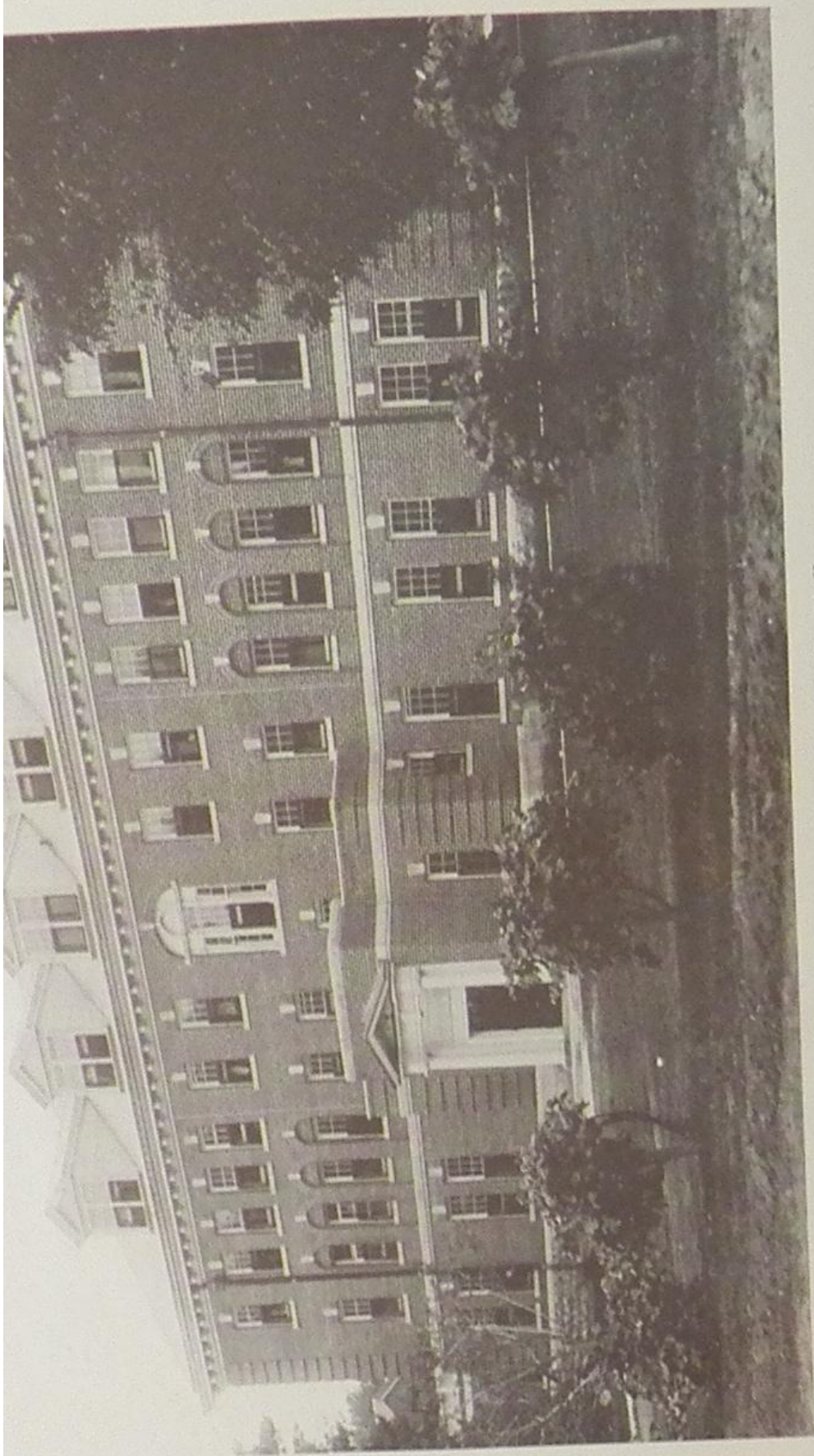
The Lounge



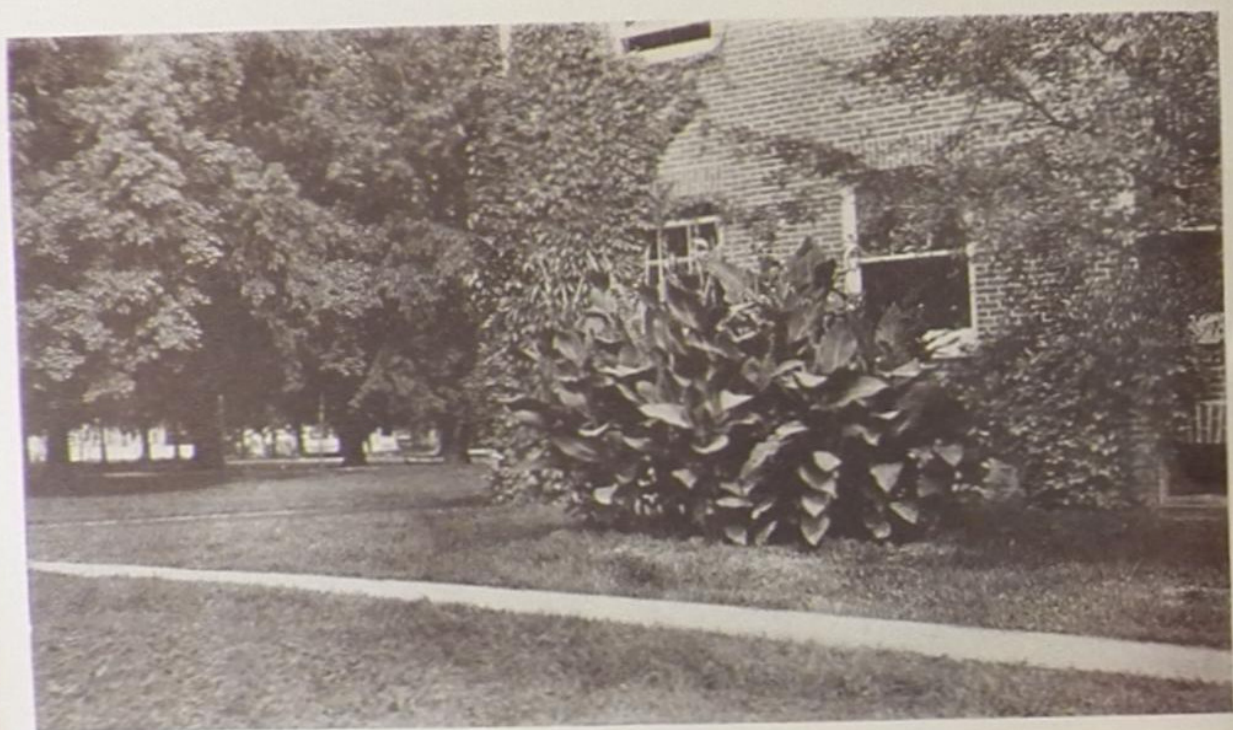
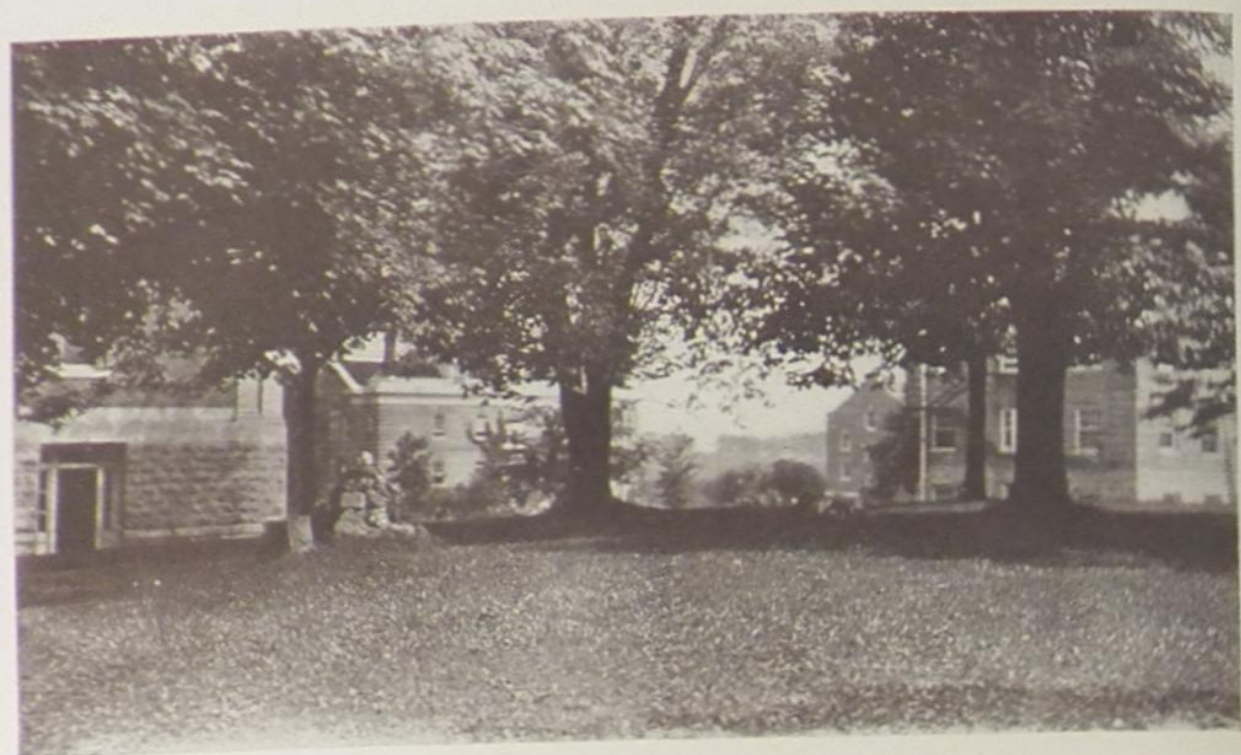
Library—Metcalf Hall



Dearborn Music Hall



William Parker McKee Hall



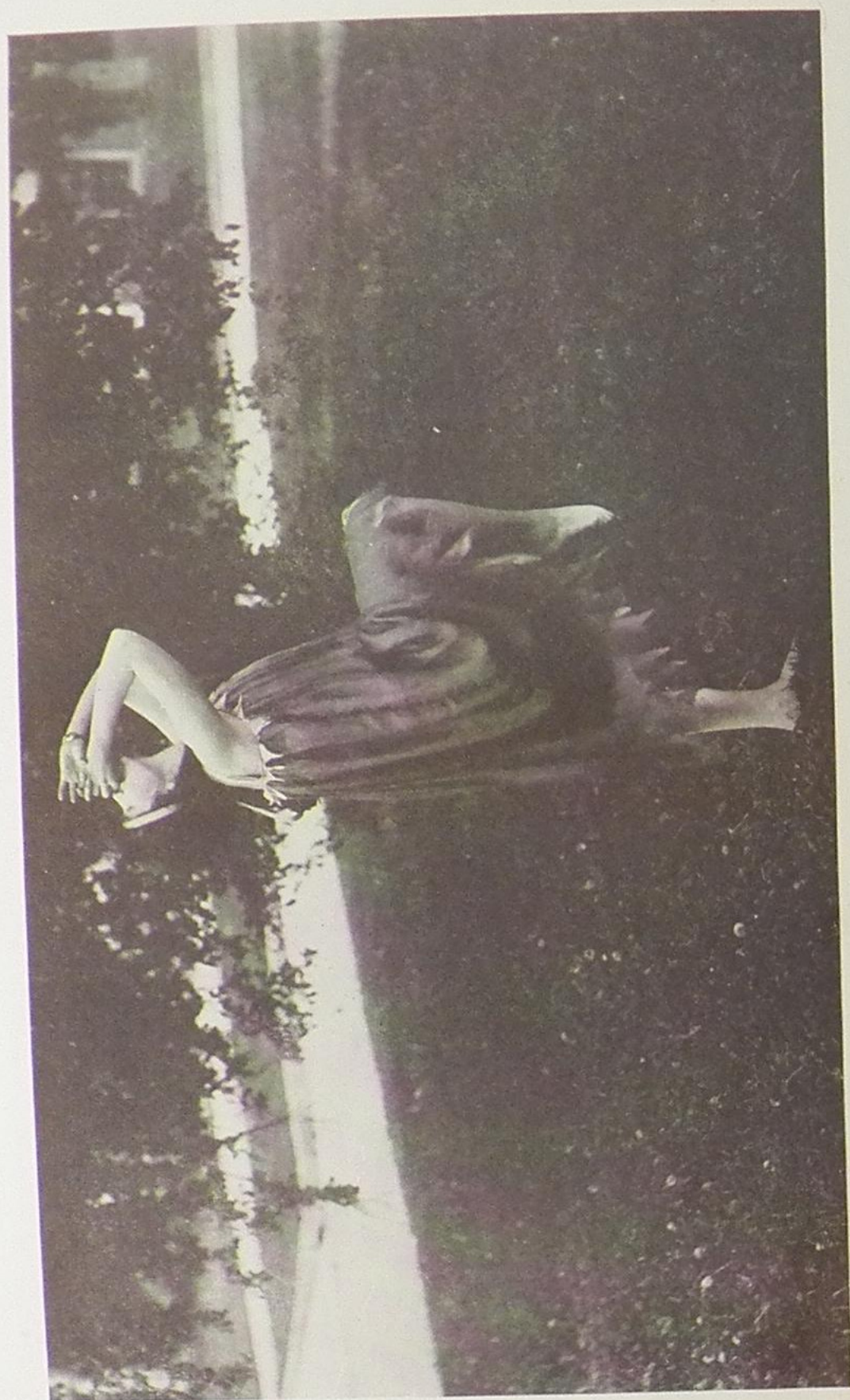
Campus Views



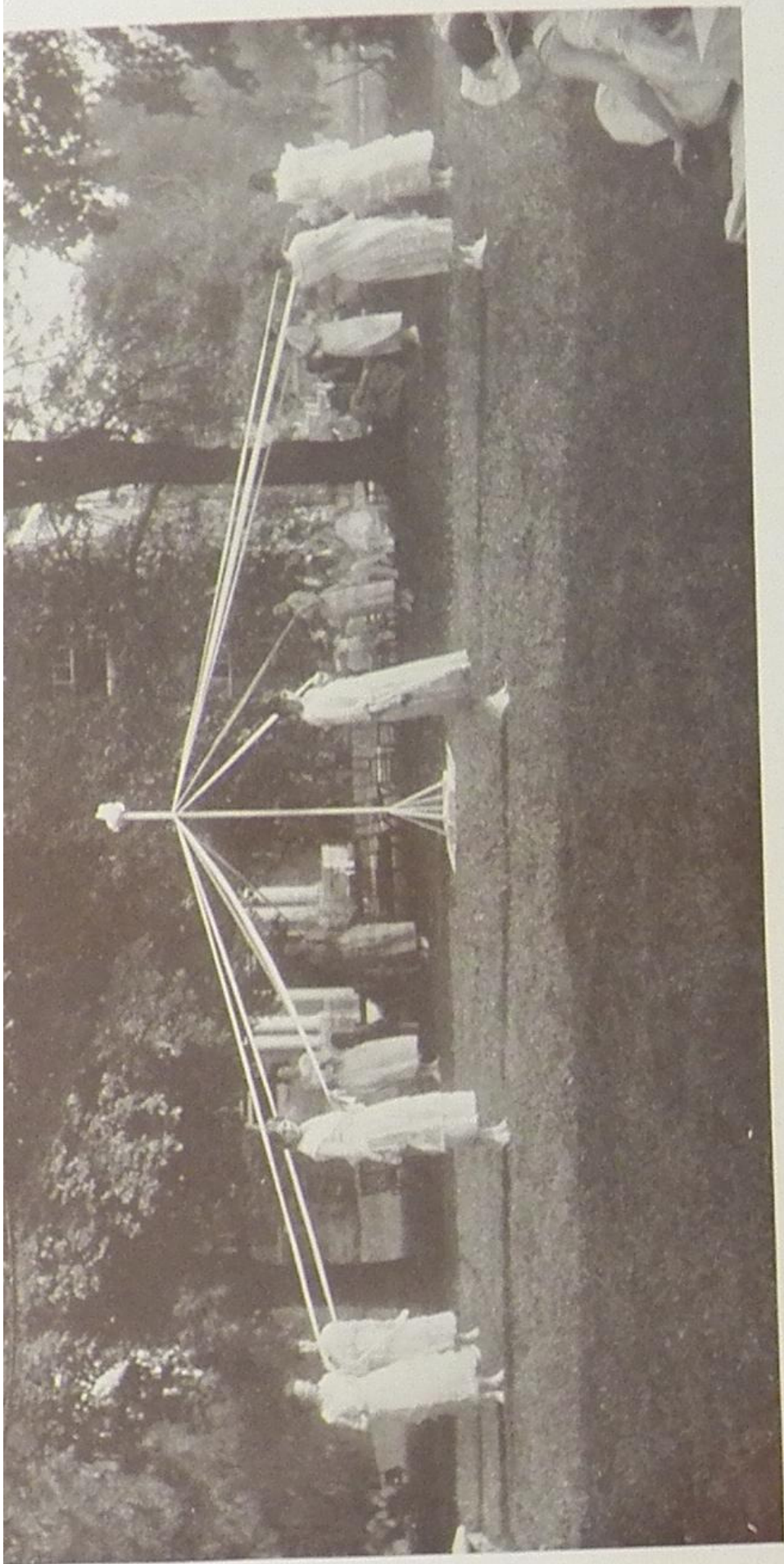
Class of 1923. Academy



Class of 1923. Junior College



"Spring" from the May Fête



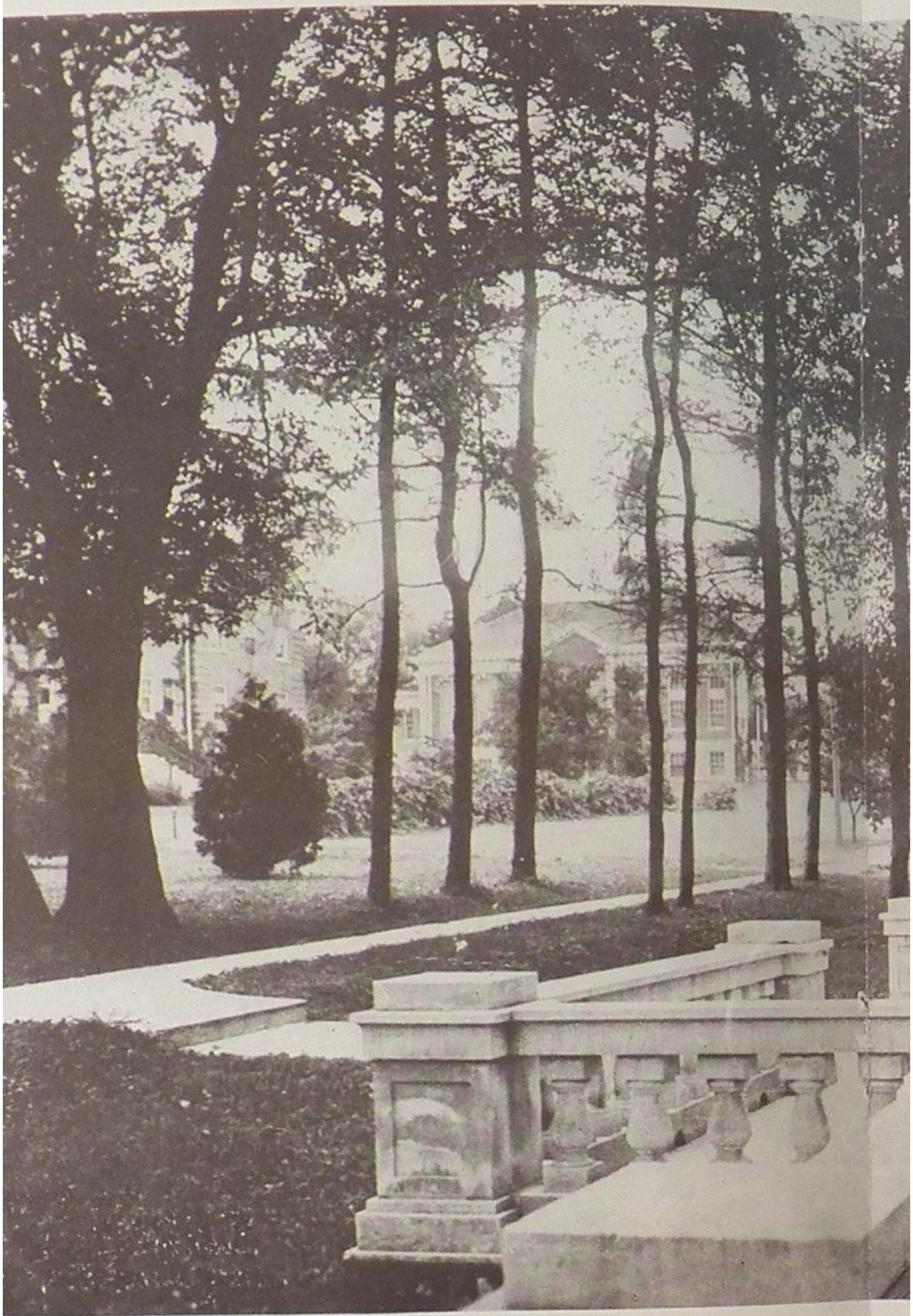
May Pole



School Hospital



City Carnegie Library



College Hall

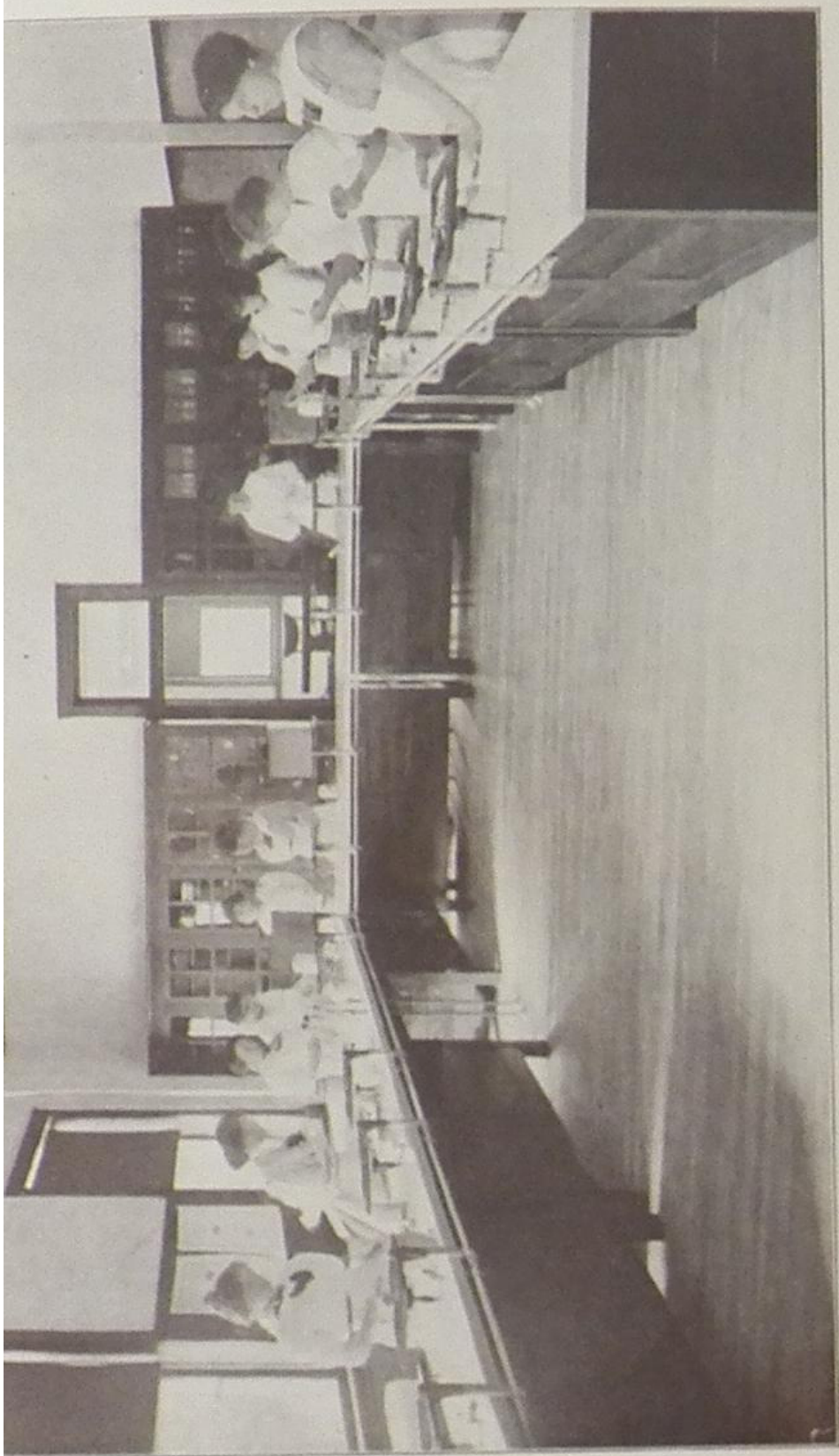




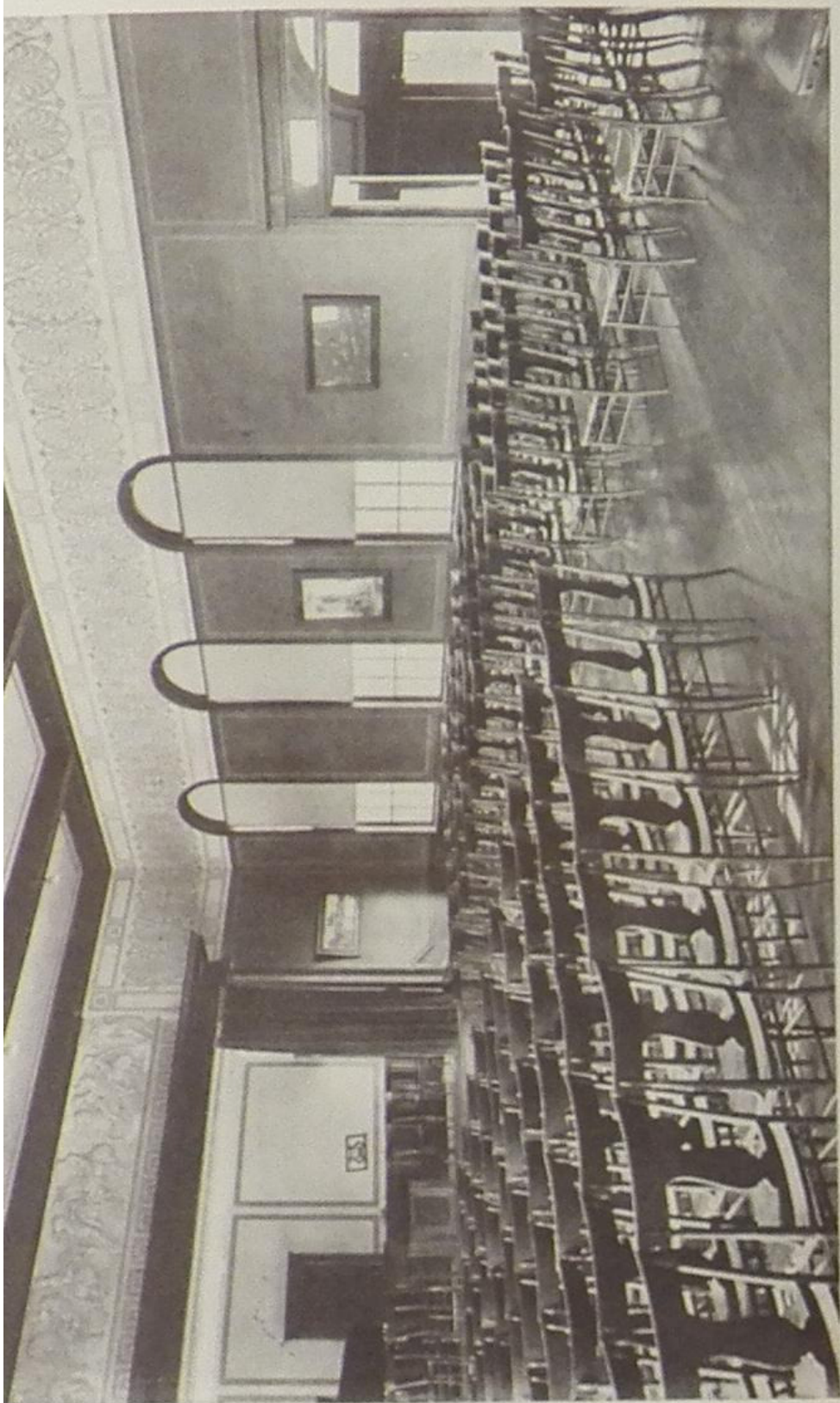
Parlor—College Hall



View of Golf Links



Domestic Science Kitchen



Assembly Hall—Metcalf Hall



Dining Room



The Corridor



Hathaway Parlor

